No. 2377.—Vol. 92.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

December 15, 1906.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

Your Health

Depends mainly on your digestion. Well digested food gives strength to your body, vigour to your nerves, repose to your mind. Imperfect digestion impairs the condition of both mind and body by generating poisonous acids, which pervade the system through the blood. The result is headache, biliousness, constipation, nervousness, loss of appetite, weakness, rheumatism, heart palpitation. Your freedom from such ailments

Depends on Your Stomach

I had hardly swallowed a mouthful when all appetite left me, and I could not eat another morsel. There were pains all over me, and I got so weak at last that I had to take to bed. But Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me when all else had failed.—From Mr. Cornelius Simmonds, 7, Hancock's Cottages, Common Side, East Mitcham, London. July 23, 1906.

Mother Seigel's Syrup

IS LIFE FOR YOUR DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S **Soothing Syrup**

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

50 Years' Reputation.

FOR COUGHS & COLDS. INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, LOSS OF VOICE.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

You've tried other Coffees and found them below the mark. Now try 'Camp' Coffee. It always keeps fragrant and fresh any length of time in any climate, always proves itself the purest, best, most economical, and most easily made of all Coffees. Good enough for the King—good enough for you. Ask for

'CAMP' Coffee

R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow

PHIT FOOT BOOT 10/6 & 13/6

MADE TO MEASURE.

GLACÉ, BOX CALF, OR TAN.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

HAND-SEWN WELTED ON CUSTOMERS OWN LASTS WHERE AVAILABLE.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

DEPOTS: ST PETERS SQ NOTTINGHAM. NEW COUNTY ARCADE, LEEDS AND AT CORPORATION ST MANCHESTER.

BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY. RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTON.

HOW THE KING & QUEEN SPEND XMAS.

KING EDWARD'S ideas of Christmas time are exactly similar to those of that great perpetuator of unadulterated old-fashioned Yuletide—Charles Dickens. There is none of the cynicism of the twentieth century about the King that prevents him enjoying the festive season himself or compels him to sneer at those who do. The King enters into the spirit of the time whole-heartedly, and for weeks previously is anticipating the glad time by careful preparation of presents and festivities. Both the King and Queen like to have most of their relatives round them at Christmas, and, as Their Majesties' hospitality and old-time thoroughness is a by-word, there is no difficulty in attracting to Sandringham a large house party.

CHOOSING THE PRESENTS.

The King and Queen's preparations for Christmas usually commence in London. About a fortnight before Christmas Day Buckingham Palace begins to wear an exceedingly busy air. Motor-cars and covered vans, belonging to those firms holding the Royal warrant, begin to roll up bearing heavy loads of every conceivable kind of article suitable to figure as a Royal gift. For the King there are cigar cases, match boxes, snuff boxes, scarf-pins, walking sticks, sleeve links, waistcoat button sets, and pencil-cases of the very latest designs. Every article is plainly marked with its price and the name of the firm which has the honour of submitting it. Each object chosen by the King is duly noted, and, after a couple of days, the surplus is returned to the various tradesmen, to be immediately followed by His Majesty's cheque. The Queen always has such an immense variety of gifts submitted to her at Buckingham Palace that two rooms adjoining the Royal boudoir are required to display them to advantage. Each apartment looks like some fairy warehouse, so beautiful and costly are the articles exhibited, embodying as they do the most elaborate examples of the jeweller's and silversmith's art. Generally accompanied by Miss Knollys, Her Majesty begins her work of selection in the morning, and two days are spent before the final selection is made.

THE QUEEN'S TREASURED NOTES.

Each of Her Majesty's gifts to her intimate friends is invariably accompanied by one of those charming little personal notes which so much enhances the value of the actual present, and which is so greatly treasured by the recipient. Nor are the servants and tenants of the King and Queen neglected. Her Majesty never forgets those on the Sandringham Estate, and Christmas Eve sees the distribution of many evidences of the Queen's thoughtfulness, while 400 families among the cottagers and work-people receive presents of beef, game, and poultry from the King. There is quite a system in His Majesty's distribution of joints so that they shall be awarded on an equitable basis. Two pounds' weight of beef is allowed for each adult, and one pound for every child. In addition, the more responsible servants receive presents of hares, pheasants, and geese. To each gift is attached a red label, on which is printed: "From His Majesty the King." At Windsor all poor people over sixty years of age receive gifts of coal, no fewer than 500 tons being needed to supply all the deserving recipients. Then large quantities of plum puddings and mince pies are sent in all directions, even to the farthest corners of the earth: the discarded toys of the Royal children are given to the poor, and there are countless small instances of the King and Queen's good will. Altogether it is estimated by those who know that the Christmas presents of Their Majesties cost them close upon £6,000.

ROYAL GIFTS.

Of course, the King and Queen receive a vast number of presents from the Continent and from many well-wishers at home. The Kaiser always makes a point of sending a special messenger with a huge wild boar's head—generally a victim to the Imperial gun—a marzipan cake, and other more lasting articles from himself and the Kaiserin. A messenger also arrives at Sandringham from the Tsar laden with several great jars of Russian caviar, and a special present from the Dowager Empress to her sister, the Queen. The Kings of Italy, Austria, Denmark, and Portugal are always lavish of Christmas gifts; but King Alphonso of Spain is expected to surprise his uncle by a record in tasteful extravagance. The daughters of the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian often make their presents with their own hands—a novelty in thoughtfulness enjoyed by the King—while Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein is known by her enamelled pendants, bracelets, copper boxes, and repoussé work. The Royal children generally paint something, and then, as thoughtful cicerones who are acquainted with the merits of everything received, take their grandmother in hand and pilot her on a cruise of explanatory inspection.

By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck.

THE KING'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

This year His Majesty's card is typical of the entente Japanese, and represents a British Admiral leading a Japanese maiden out to dance. It is beautifully coloured and cleverly drawn.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

The Queen's card, which in the past has been Biblical rather than political in its inference, represents a picturesque old Danish custom of Yuletide, and is the work of a prominent A.R.A.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT SANDRINGHAM.

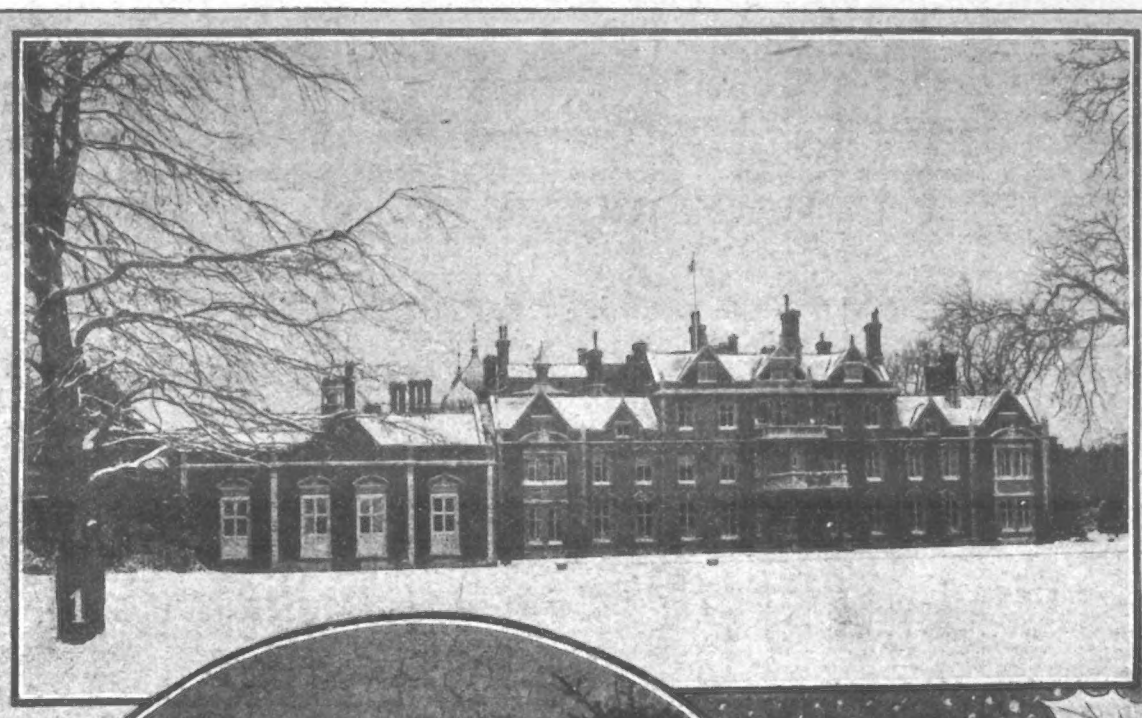
The King never, by any chance, misses divine service on Christmas Day. He always makes a point of attending morning service at Sandringham Church, when Canon Hervey, His Majesty's chaplain, officiates. Then, if the weather is sympathetic, he takes a walk amongst his cottagers, wishing them good cheer. The Queen and the Princess Victoria often spend the forepart of Christmas Day in paying personal visits to the tenantry. Once they rapped gently at a half-open door, and, being unable to obtain any reply, walked in. Sitting before a huge winter fire, they filled in the interval of waiting for the cottager's appearance by drying their damp shoes. Suddenly the footsteps of the old lady were heard descending the stairs. Her concern at seeing the Queen of England and the Princess Victoria sitting comfortably before her fire drying their shoes may be better imagined than described.

THE SANDRINGHAM CHRISTMAS TREE.

Holly and mistletoe figure prominently in the Sandringham Christmas decorations, and the latter ancient British survival is invariably the source of much good-humoured merriment both above and below stairs. Then the Christmas tree, specially decorated by skilled hands for the Royal children, is a historical event. A young fir-tree is generally sent from the gardens at Frogmore. Placed in a great tub in the Sandringham ballroom, its top almost touches the ceiling. It is hung with ornate trimmings and lighted with a myriad incandescent electric lights of every possible colour. The boughs are weighted with a thousand presents, the more expensive ones round the base, within easy reaching distance. Needless to say, Christmas for the Royal children is centred on the tree, and for days before the eventful twenty-fifth nothing else is spoken of save in the most casual terms. Everybody at Sandringham receives a present from the tree, and the hundreds of presents that remain on the branches when all are provided for generally are sent to several of the hospitals for children. The Christmas tree is also one of the gifts of our thoughtful Queen to the school children on the Royal estate, while the servants are always entertained to dinner, and receive a visit from the King and Queen during the feast.

The King presides over a large dinner party on Christmas Day. This meal, which is as English as the most patriotic Briton could desire, is never served until nine o'clock, and cygnet is one of the chief items on the menu. Sandringham is a Norfolk house, and in every Norfolk house tradition has decreed that the swan shall fill a honoured place at the Christmas table. As the King is probably the largest private owner of swans in the kingdom, he has no difficulty in supplying this course. Then there is a huge baron of beef, which is always brought in to the sound of the bugle and with great pomp and circumstance. There is also the Kaiser's gift of a boar's head, which makes its appearance with quaint ceremony.

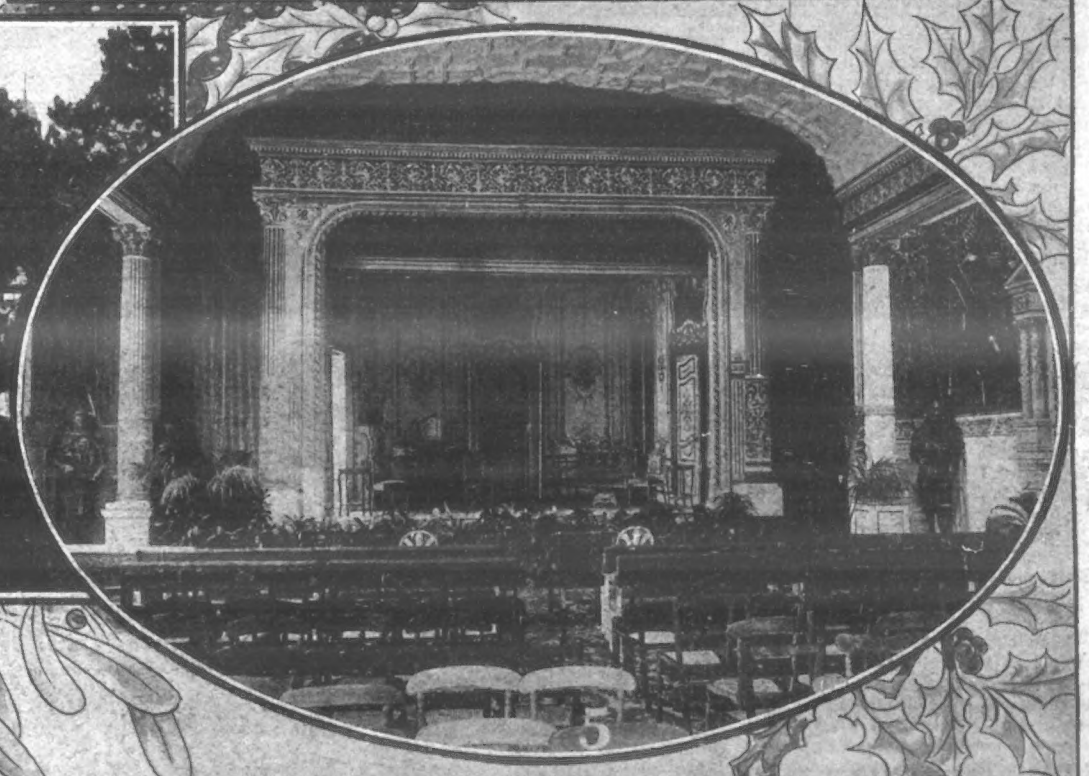
How the King and Queen Spend Christmas


1

2

3

4


5

Photos, Ralph.

The top picture shows Sandringham House in the snow. No. 2 is a photograph of the Queen's Christmas presents all laid out for inspection, with the children's Christmas tree. No. 3 shows the dinner table laid ready for the reception of guests. No. 4 shows the King and Queen driving to Sandringham from the local railway station. And No. 5 shows His Majesty's private theatre.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Having finished their International matches with the game against England at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, the South Africans should have no fear of another defeat during the remainder of their tour. Their record for the "tests" is two wins, one draw, and one defeat, which is highly satisfactory to the "Springbokken," whose deeds have shown them to be very little behind the "All Blacks." The drawn game with England last Saturday was witnessed by some 50,000 people, most of whom had to stand in the drizzling rain for hours.

As for the play, it ran largely in favour of the Colonials, who controlled the ball much better than England until the second half. The ground was in a deplorable state, and the fact that the South Africans did better than the English during the first half reflects the greatest credit on a team which was supposed to be only able to show top-notch form on firm going. Certainly they had plenty of chances which they failed to make use of, and their only score of the match—a try by Millar—was the outcome of a blunder by Jackett, who failed to field the ball and was promptly pounced upon by Marsburg, with the result that Millar got over.

This try Joubert failed to convert, and England began the second moiety only three points behind, despite the amount of pressure that had been put upon their lines. The game veered round after change of ends, for though the forwards and half-backs of the Colonials often got the ball out to the three-quarters, the latter could not take their passes properly, de Villiers being the chief sinner in this respect. About ten minutes after the interval W. S. Morkel was injured, and had to be carried off the field, the South African pack thus being reduced to seven. This severe handicap told its almost inevitable tale, and for the remainder of the game England were superior. Their equalising try was led up to by Jago, who swung the ball to Brooks for the East Midlander to dash to the line. The ball was safely grounded after a scramble, and a wonderful scene of enthusiasm followed, the onlookers cheering for some minutes. Cartwright made a hash of the place-kick, but the position was not easy, and with the heavy, greasy ball, the best of place-kickers could be forgiven for missing.

Towards the end the South Africans were almost penned in, and it says much for their resolute defence that they staved off defeat. Kelly actually got the ball over the line, but Marsburg, that most intrepid of players, managed to touch down. Stoop also got dangerously near to scoring, and Simpson made a great effort, only for Marsburg to kick dead. The finish was a great one, and the South Africans were rather lucky in escaping a second score. But in view of the accident to William Morkel they would have been unfortunate to lose; indeed, a draw of one try each was a fitting conclusion to the match. The game, however, showed us that English Rugby football has vastly improved.

At the dinner to the teams in the evening P. Roos, the South African captain, remarked that the tour had been a great success. The match with England had shown them to be all equal, and engendered a feeling of mutual respect. He would, however, have preferred to have drawn with Scotland, and lost to England, rather than the reverse.

Woolwich Arsenal appear to have struck another bad patch. They did the same thing last season when their prospects were not nearly so good as they are at present, and when the state of the poll is of a much more favourable nature to them than it was in the corresponding period of twelve months ago. Then there appeared a possibility of their relegation to the second division of the League; to-day they are quite safe. But it is not too encouraging for them to go to Birmingham and be beaten by so heavy a score as 5 goals to 1. Everyone must hope that a club whose merit has earned them such an honourable position in football circles is only suffering from a temporary relapse.

Photos, Clarke & Hyde.

HOLLY FOR THE XMAS MARKET: 1. The coster and his purchases from Nine Elms Station. 2. Gathering ivy on an evergreen farm. 3. Mistletoe on sale in crates at Nine Elms Station. The bulk of this comes from Normandy.

Photo, Bolak.

The Shah of Persia and Lord Roberts.

An unique photograph, taken at the time when Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief in India.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN AND ENGLAND DRAW: The rival captains, H. Cartwright and P. Roos.

Everton are again at the head of the League, their latest victims being Derby County, whom they defeated by 2 goals to nil last Saturday. They have, however, only one point the better of Sheffield Wednesday, who would have passed the leaders had they beaten Sunderland. Newcastle United, who are only a point behind the Owlerton team, played a goalless draw with Sheffield United on the latter's ground at Bramall Lane.

Despite their recent reverses, there is no knowing what turn Aston Villa may take shortly, for they are a team of great possibilities, but last Saturday they were only equal to drawing with Notts County, each side scoring once. Still, the Villa hold a very honourable position in the list, and they may yet astound the critics by climbing to the top. The best of what may be termed the middle division are Sheffield United, Bolton Wanderers, Bristol City, and Sunderland, but Preston North End are not to be despised.

Last Saturday, Bristol City accomplished a great performance in beating Liverpool at Ashton Gate, the margin in favour of the West of England club being 3 goals to 1. Preston North End have scarcely fulfilled their early promise, but they did very well to beat Bolton Wanderers at Deepdale by 3 goals to 1. Poor Middlesbrough came yet another cropper, as Manchester United defeated them at Clayton by 3 goals to 1, and surely the Teeside directorate must now be regretting the heavy expenditure of last spring.

Blackburn Rovers played a very good game against Bury and secured the victory by 4 goals to 1. At all points, the Rovers were superior, and they fully deserved to annex the points. Stoke played capitally against Manchester City, and with their opponents a trifle off colour, they secured a creditable victory over the City by 3 goals to nil.

A feature of the second division games was the fine form of Chelsea against Wolverhampton Wanderers on the latter's ground. The Stamford Bridge club had no light task to perform, but they went to the Midlands and secured the points, thanks to scoring two goals against one by their opponents.

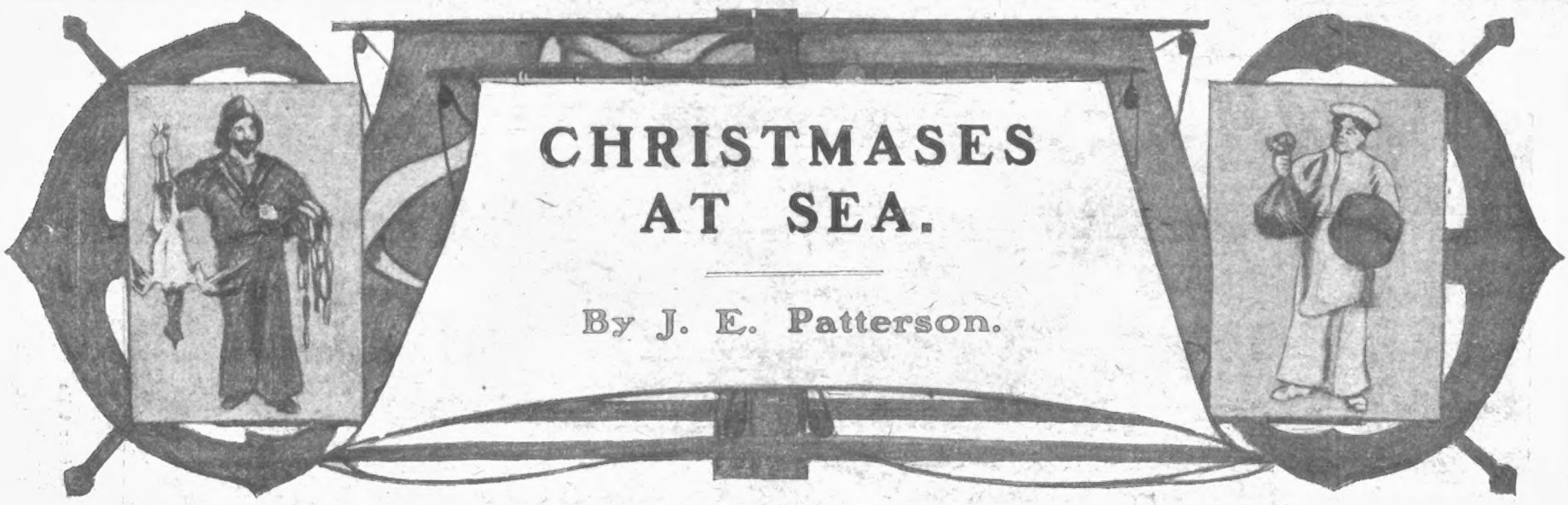
DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

'Tis well enough on a Christmas night
High wassail in hall to hold,
Full snugly set in the warm firelight
With comrades true and bold;

The Story of the Spanish Treasure.

Drawn by HUTTON MITCHELL.

But when some ancient mariner tells
Of fights on the Spanish Main,
There's never a heart of us all but swells
To scour the seas again.



CHRISTMASES AT SEA.

By J. E. Patterson.

Mr. J. E. Patterson ran away to sea as a small boy, and spent some time in the deep-sea fishery. He has been round the world before the mast in sailing ships, and has been in every ocean and sea in the world, except some of the inland seas. He has crossed two Continents, and has been in almost all the great Capitals. In this article he tells some of his adventures at sea.

The reader may think that of all places in the world to spend Christmas in, the worst is a ship on the high seas. To some extent this is true, but only to an extent. True, there is no holly nor any mistletoe in mid-ocean—except on Atlantic "greyhounds," where such signs of the times are taken a few days beforehand in order to make Christmas at sea seem to be the more like Christmas in a British homestead.

And, of course, other well-known features are missing on the average sea-going vessel. But for all that this festive season of the year is often as jolly aboard ship a thousand miles from land as it is on shore; it is also very tragic at times, and I have known both.

I remember one occasion when we had as much merry-making and good feeding as any man need wish for; and there were women-folk in the case, too, making the whole affair seem to be even still more like being ashore at the time.

We were on our way from the western end of the Black Sea—from Selina, as a matter of fact—with grain and some Roumanian emigrants for Marseilles, where the living part of our cargo was to tranship into a French liner for South America.

At Constantinople—that city of wonderful beauty when viewed from the Bosphorus, but of dirt, dogs, and disillusion when seen from within—we had contrived to get hold of some evergreens. These were not of a British variety, yet they were green, and that was enough in a way. We were a homely crowd, and determined to make our Christmas as much as possible like the one that our folks were spending in dull and frosty Britain.

It was four bells (six o'clock) in the morning watch of Christmas Day when we broke out of the Dardanelles into the Ægean Sea, as glorious a day as ever opened over blue waters. Personally, we should have liked some frost to give a realistic touch to the time. That, of course, was denied us; so we practised the philosophy of doing without what we could not have. By seven bells the decks were washed down and everything smartened up and made "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." Then we fell to at decorating with our greenery, the red ensign and our house flag being hoisted in honour of the day.

And what a day it was, seeing that the *locale* was a tramp packet at sea! Dinner was made up of fresh soup, Russian geese and Turkish vegetables, "plum-duff" that was nearly black with fruit, and a gift from the "old man" in the shape of a bottle of wine for each watch. The day itself was marked by a kind of quiet jollity; but when the dog-watches began, when all hands were awake, that quietude quickly developed into songs and dances to the more or less indifferent music of a melodeon. What was more, and a wondrous rarity aboard ship at sea, the merry-making was carried on after eight bells, when the watch usually retires to its bunks and everything is humdrum and peaceful if the weather be fine. Nor did the officers in any way interfere with the protracted jollity, in spite of the fact that those Roumanian girls and women were made acquainted, much to their apparent delight, with the English custom of kissing under the mistletoe—for which a bunch of Turkish evergreen did proxy.

Of a very different kind was a Christmas that I recollect passing in a small barque on the North Sea. On that occasion we were not a homely crowd—not by any means. Nor were the officers themselves at peace with each other. We were a mixed lot as regards nationality, and, so far as such could be without any actual bloodshed, each man's sheath-knife was against his shipmate. Especially was this the case between watch and watch.

In ways that the landsman could not understand without more explanation than space permits, little jealousies and bickerings at the outset of the voyage had grown into serious quarrels and many a case of fisticuffs and brief struggles in otherwise quiet corners under the cloak of night and wind. What made the matter worse for us on this Christmas Day was the fact that the weather was nigh as bad as it could be. A howling north-easter had so increased its strength during the morning watch that by daybreak the old packet, which the skipper was afraid to run longer before the breeze, was hove-to under nothing but a reef main topsail and a bit of fore staysail.

The crowning trouble of all, and always a touchy and disturbing factor at sea—quarrels between the master and the steward-cook on one side and the men on the other as to the quantity and quality of the food served out—had left a rankling bitterness, that came to the front almost every time the men went to the galley door for the materials of a meal. Thus it will be readily seen with what sort of feelings we saw the dawn of that most happy of festivals in the home of the average Britisher.

As a start for the day, and a bad omen it proved to be in all conscience, Tim Donovan—an Irishman, of course, and a big, raw-boned lover of a fight he was, though a good-enough fellow at heart under ordinary circumstances—had "a bit of a difference" with the mate over the lashing of a spare spar on the deck-house. In a burst of impatience the mate sprang to the work himself, summarily pushing aside Tim, who in getting hurriedly out of the way happened to step heavily on the toes of Hauffmann, a testy German, who was standing close behind Tim. To ease the sudden pain in his foot, Hauffmann gave Tim a quick shove forward. At the same instant the barque rolled that way, to leeward, and Tim went head-first over the spar, barking his nose on the roof of the house and suffering other pain in the transit.

Viewed in itself it was a small and in a way a ludicrous affair; but at eight bells, when the two men went into the fo'c'sle with their breakfast, it came to the front again, ugly side uppermost. Hot words followed, and in a few minutes they were pounding at each other to the best of their ability in that very limited space for such work. Meanwhile the gale roared outside, and the barque pitched and rolled in the heavy sea, now giving the advantage to one and now to the other, till presently both were on the floor in the lee corner hammering and clawing at each other like a pair of wild beasts—if beasts could hammer—with Tim on the top and the German finally trying to get his knife to work.

It was this last feature of the matter that brought interference from the onlookers. Then a kind of peace was made—to be broken again, and in a more tragic manner, later in the day—and the watch turned to at its breakfast, the ordinary nature of which (extremely bad coffee and a hash made of soaked ship's biscuits and salt pork) did the reverse of improving the ill-feeling.

But the real evil of the thing came at noon, when it fell to the lot of Tim and Hauffmann to go to the galley for their watch's dinner—just the usual Sunday dinner, for the day happened to be the Sabbath.

When they turned away from the galley—where the now regular interchange of biting compliments had taken place between them and the cook—the German was leading the way with the half-bad potatoes and salt beef, Tim being close to his heels with the weak soup and a spotted, pallid pudding that had to do duty for "plum-duff."

Just as they arrived at the lee fore-corner of the deck-house a sheet of spray hissed icily over the side, making Hauffmann draw quickly back to shelter himself and the beef by the house. Being quite close behind him, Tim drew back more suddenly still to avoid a collision. But his movement was not quick enough. Hauffmann's back struck the soup platter, sending some of its scalding contents over Tim's hands. The consequence was, of course, some equally hot words, well flavoured with a broad Irish brogue, to the effect that Hauffmann was a "blithering fool," and to which he as hotly answered that Tim was something worse.

Then a fresh start was made for the fo'c'sle. But the delay speedily proved to be of fatal importance. No sooner were they well clear of the deck-house than a great green wall of a sea broke aboard by the fore rigging, swept across the deck, and had them both in its wild, bitterly cold, and tumultuous embrace. In an instant they, the potatoes, the beef, the pudding, and the platters were being carried aft along the lee side of the deck as though they were but straws in a small mill stream. In a sense, the scene was comical; in another, it was tragic. As they were swept past the galley door, now uncertainly on their feet and now at full length in the hurly-burly of the waters, the cook had the indelicate indiscretion to put his head out of his doorway and ask them why they didn't go forward and get their dinners.

In a vague sort of manner Tim heard the sarcastic query, and cursed Hauffmann as the cause of it. Just then the German was dashed against him. This he took as an intentional affront, and at once seized his enemy. The result was a deadly set-to in the midst of the lashing water, that rushed athwart and athwart the deck as the barque rolled, carrying the platters and the remains of their dinner from side to side with every roll. The *impasse* was seen to be one that needed interference, or a terrible climax would soon be the conclusion. The mate roared from the poop to them to stop fighting. But their blood and hate were as high as the shrieking gale and the wild sea. Before anyone could get to them there came the warning cry of "Water!"

The next moment a second big roller crashed on to the after deck, bearing the barque so heavily to leeward that a great part of the water at once went back over the lee bulwarks. When she righted herself again, Tim and Hauffmann were no longer parts of our crew. Neither of them was ever seen again, and to launch a boat without the certain loss of more hands was utterly out of the question. Perhaps it is needless to say that the remainder of our Christmas Day was spent under a most unpleasant cloak of gloom.

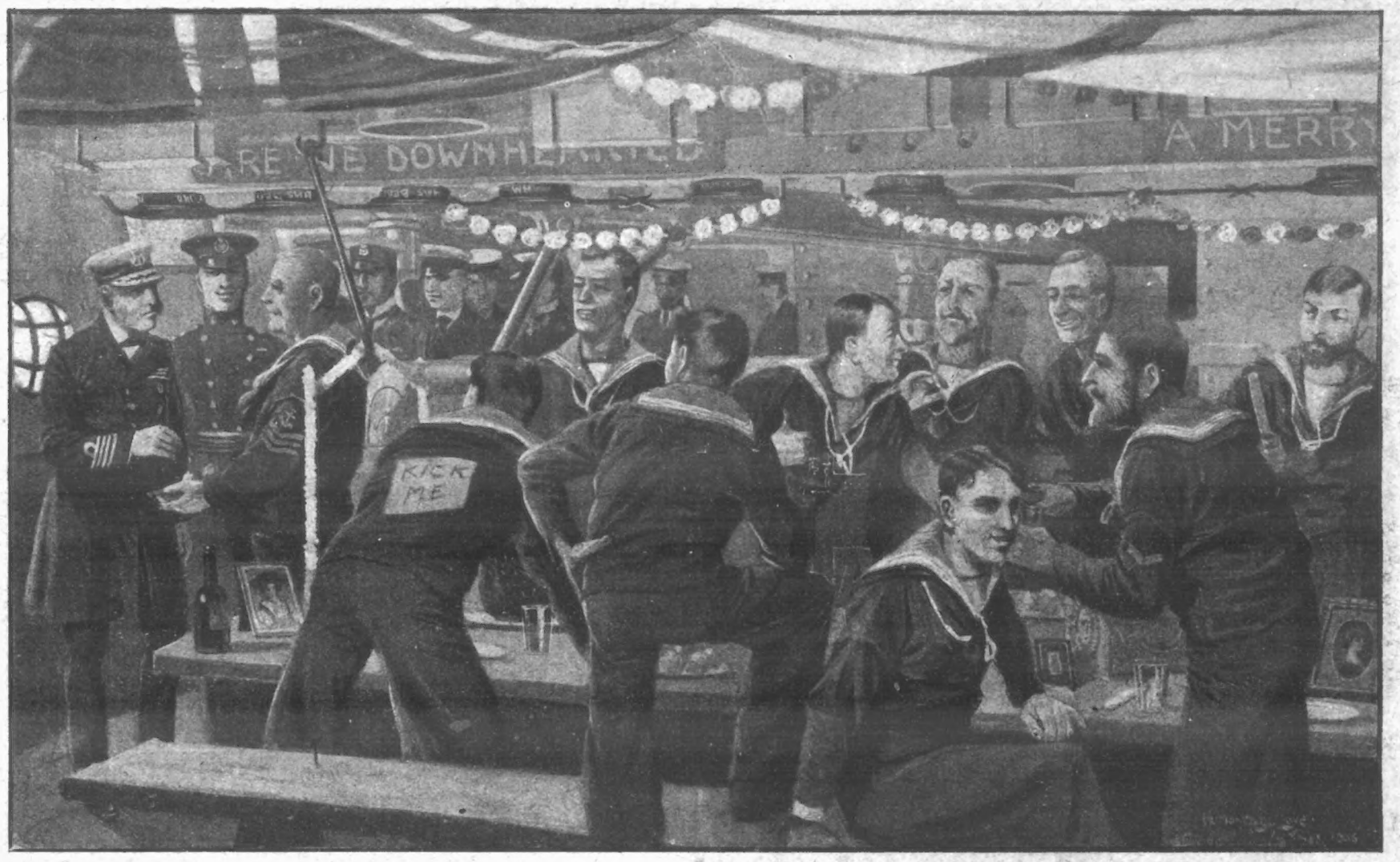
One other brief recollection, and happily one of a lighter kind, which space allows me to record occurred on a Christmas Eve. This, too, was aboard a sailing vessel—a brig. We had entered the "chopps of the Channel," homeward bound from a long, rambling voyage, before a pleasant westerly breeze, which we had vainly hoped would get us home in time for the merry-making. Here, as in the steamer, we were a homely lot. Two young Bristolians of a lively turn of mind had arranged to play a practical joke on Jack Casey, an elderly native of Cork with an unshakable belief in ghosts.

Just before the end of the second dog-watch one of the plotters went under the forecastle-head and got himself up in some flour-bags borrowed from the steward. Then Casey was sent to a given spot near the "ghost" for a certain block, to find which he had to strike a match. As he struck the light he heard a groan, looked up, saw the "ghost," and bolted incontinently, crying, "Houly Mother o' God!" But he was no sooner clear of the forecastle-head than he fell headlong over Denis, the pig, which someone had jocularly let out of his adjacent sty for a bit of Christmas Eve liberty. Denis squealed at the rough usage of the collision, and took to his heels, helter-skelter along the deck, aft. Casey jumped to his feet and ran after him, crying out news of the "ghost." This, of course, at once brought all hands on to the scene. Hurried explanations followed; then a search was made for the "apparition," who in the meantime had divested himself of the bags and joined the crowd. The result, naturally, for Casey was a "wigging" from the officer of the watch, and all through Christmas Day a good deal of fun was got out of teasing him with the assertion that he had taken Denis for a ghost.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER TRAGEDY: The fight on a barque in a storm in the North Sea.

Christmas Day Afloat and Ashore.

NAVAL & MILITARY INCIDENTS, depicted by MONTAGU LOVE.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY: Immediately after church on Christmas morning the men repair to their mess decks, which they have been decorating the whole of the previous day. Here a great "spread" is laid out, and the men being ready, the captain and officers march round from table to table partaking of the good things. An officer writes, "You generally have a bad pain by the end of the journey." Quite a novel feature of the table "decoration" is the photos of their mothers and sweethearts which the men invariably have by their plate.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARMY: On Christmas night in the Horse Guards' Barracks, Knightsbridge, the rooms are gay with flags, regimental mottoes, etc., and each mess holds a smoking concert, at which the Officers, N.C.O.'s, and troopers are all present, the Corporal-major presiding. Songs are contributed by the soldiers and their friends, and the fun is kept going till a late hour.

All about the Pantomimes.

The London Pantomimes

Some of the principal players.

Marie Studholme

Queenie Leighton

May De Sousa

Ethel Oliver

Pauline Chase

Marie George

Dorothy Warde

Photos, Dover Street Studios, Bassano, Foulsham & Banfield.

PANTOMIMES in the PROVINCES

SOME PRINCIPAL PLAYERS

MISS IRIS HOEY
MANCHESTER.

MISS ZENA DARE
PETER PAN
ROYAL THEATRE
MANCHESTER.

MABEL RUSSELL
LIVERPOOL.

LILY MAXWELL
PLYMOUTH.

SYBIL ARUNDALE
BRISTOL.

MISS PHYLLIS DARE
CINDERELLA
ROYAL THEATRE EDINBURGH.

Photos, Dover Street Studios, Bassano, and Foulsham & Banfield.

All about the Pantomimes.

All About the Pantomimes.

MISS KITTY MASON.

Photos, Dover Street Studios and Illustrations Bureau.

MISS MADGE LESSING.

MISS BILLIE BURKE.

LONDON PANTOMIMES.

Details of this Year's Productions.

There is no diminution in the enthusiasm with which theatrical managers are preparing their annual Christmas productions; and the pantomimes in the London suburbs will be on a more gorgeous scale than ever.

Mr. Robert Arthur has his hands full with four productions in London—at the Coronet, the Camden, the Fulham, and the Kennington Theatres.

At the Kennington Theatre the pantomime promises to be of unusual splendour. "Humpty Dumpty" is the story, and a dainty nursery scene is shown before the audience is transported to Humpty-Dumpty land.

For this production Miss Georgina Middleton, Miss Yvonne Lamor, and Mr. R. H. Douglass have been engaged; the scenery is the work of Mr. Stafford Hall; and the dresses have been designed by Mr. Comelli.

At Fulham.

At the Fulham Theatre "The Babes in the Wood" will provide the basis of the plot. A farmyard scene is one of the attractions of the show, and the Palace scene will be of surpassing beauty. Miss Marguerite Broadfoote, Miss Lily Black, Mr. John Coyle, and the Brothers Poluski will appear in the chief parts.

In "Cinderella," at the Camden, Miss Lillian Hubbard, Miss Nancy Langtyre, and Miss Meg Hamilton will appear.

At the Coronet "The Forty Thieves" will be presented, with Mr. Johnnie Schofield, Mr. George Cockburn, Miss Chrissy Leonard, and Miss Beatrice Willey in the leading parts.

For North London.

"Cinderella" is always a popular character for Christmas productions, and at the Marlborough, Holloway, Miss Daisy Revelle will act the part of the girl with the dainty glass slipper, while Miss Leila Rose will be the Prince. There will be a gorgeous ballroom and wedding scene in this display.

"Cinderella," at the King's, Hammersmith, in the hands of Mr. Mulholland, is transformed into a fairy story of wonderful brilliance. Something exceptionally beautiful is also promised in the way of scenery, and there will be a chorus of 100 voices to celebrate Cinderella's wedding.

At the Broadway, New Cross, Mr. Frederick Stanhope will produce the pantomime for Mr. Louis Calvert, under whose direction Miss Lucie King will appear as "Cinderella." Miss Beatrice Edwardes will be the Prince, and there will be plenty of fun in Mr. Fred Wade's version of the story.

The C.P. Show.

The glories of old-fashioned pantomime are to be revived at the Crystal Palace Theatre by Mr. Bannister Howard, who has commissioned Mr. Fred Bowyer to provide him with the book of "Aladdin." His company will include Miss Lily Lassah, Miss Lily Gullick, Mr. Arthur Pool, and Mr. A. E. Passmore; and a harlequinade and a shadow pantomime will be additional attractions.

At the Crown, Peckham, "Mother Goose" will be played by Mr. Tom McNaughton, while Mr. Fred McNaughton will take the part of her son, and Miss Alice Lloyd will be Jill. Miss Violet Loraine will be the Prince.

For the pantomime at the Shakespeare, Clapham, "Aladdin," Mr. Dudley Bennet has engaged Miss Winifred Hare, one of the most popular of "principal boys," for the name character.

Photo, Whitlock.

MISS HETTY KING, THE FAMOUS MALE IMPERSONATOR: In evening dress, as a sailor, a soldier, and a policeman. Miss King is playing the part of the principal girl in "Aladdin," at the Court Theatre, Liverpool.

THEATRES BY THE THOUSAND.

Astonishing Growth of the Theatrical Profession.

Thirty years ago there were only forty-five theatres and practically no music-halls in the London district; to-day there are, within a ten-mile radius of Charing Cross, nearly 800 theatres, music-halls, and concert halls, with a daily attendance of 150,000 persons. In 1870 there were only three theatrical companies "on the road"; to-day there are nearly 300, for each of which a theatre has to be found every week, writes Archibald Haddon in the *Daily Express*.

Within the next two months one rebuilt and two new West-End theatres are to be opened—the Hicks and an unnamed house in Shaftesbury Avenue, and Mr. Cyril Maude's Playhouse. A new theatre is being projected for the benefit of London's 20,000 amateur players, and there is also Mr. Joseph Lyons' scheme for building a number of winter garden music-halls in Central London.

The Hicks has underground stalls and pit, an exceptionally large four-shilling balcony, and a most luxurious smokers' lounge. The twin-house to the Hicks—which may be called the Regent's, or the Queen's, or the Irving—is said to possess "the most beautiful entrance in London." Mr. Sprague, who designed these houses, has erected about forty theatres.

The features of the Playhouse are the absence of a pit, its roomy arm-chair stalls, and the great space between the rows of seats. Mr. Lyons' idea is to provide high-class temperance music-halls, with garden lounges for rest and refreshment between the turns. The amateurs' theatre will have a staircase interior, like the Scala, with seats for 800 persons.

131 London Theatres.

At the beginning of next year, when these new places are opened, there will be in London thirty-two West-End and thirty-five suburban theatres, and sixty-four West-End and suburban music-halls—all within sight of St. Paul's.

The suburban theatres and halls are as handsome as those in the West-End, and were built at great cost. Among the best are the Kennington (cost £45,000), Shepherd's Bush Empire (cost £50,000), the Marlborough, Holloway (cost £40,000), and the King's, Hammersmith (cost £40,000). An average West-End theatre, such as the Aldwych or Hicks, cannot be erected under about £80,000.

In running our thirty-two West-End theatres about a million sterling a year is expended. The cost of running a play averages £800 a week, varying between £400 and £1,500. In addition, there is the original cost of production, which may range from a few hundred pounds at a small house to a £20,000 pantomime or spectacular drama at Drury Lane.

Over sixty new plays are now produced in London annually. Each theatre employs about 150 persons, and there are in the entire theatrical profession (British) some 12,000 actors and actresses and 20,000 employees.

About a million pounds annually is disbursed in salaries alone at the West-End theatres. To all the 32,000 "theatricals" in this country at least £4,000,000 is paid annually. The total yearly working expenses of all London, suburban, and provincial theatres, exclusive of salaries to performers, amounts to another £4,000,000.

The rents of London theatres are enormous. Mr. Otho Stuart pays £11,000 a year for the Adelphi—a typical house.

Population of Playgoers.

In the height of the season some 50,000 persons nightly attend the thirty-two theatres and music-halls in Central London. Of these, Drury Lane seats 2,516 (many more, of course, can be accommodated); Alhambra, 1,980; Covent Garden, 1,952; the Lyric, 1,886; the St. James', 1,158; the Empire, 1,239; the Gaiety, 1,264; His Majesty's, 1,354; the Hippodrome, 1,394; and the Coliseum, 4,000.

Some of the outlying theatres have an equally large seating capacity, such as the Marlborough, Holloway, 1,886; the Grand, Islington, 1,589; the King's, Hammersmith, 1,786; and the Hackney Empire, 2,116. Including "standing room," the above numbers may be almost doubled in every instance, and they may be quadrupled, counting the entire evening attendances, in the case of the scores of "two-houses-a-night" music-halls in the suburbs.

Yet, in spite of all this, there are by no means too many theatres. Apart from three or four houses which are notoriously unlucky, and are therefore difficult to let, the demand for West-End theatres always exceeds the supply. An idea of their paying possibilities may be gathered from the following rateable values of typical West-End houses: Drury Lane, £5,500; His Majesty's, £5,688; Empire, £5,834; Gaiety, £5,834; Prince of Wales', £4,167; Alhambra, £4,750; London Pavilion, £4,584. Even a bijou theatre like the Vaudeville is rated at £1,922.

Photo Horsburg.

POPULAR PHYLLIS: Huge crowd waiting on November 29th to book seats at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, which opened on December 8th, with a pantomime, in which Miss Phyllis Dare is taking a leading part.

The Queen's Hobbies.

The Queen once wrote in the confession album of a Norfolk lady that her favourite art is millinery, and her favourite employment is "minding her own business." Her Majesty's confession was modest, for her favourite employment is looking after the welfare of others. It was entirely owing to the efforts of the Queen that the technical schools on the Sandringham estate were provided. A great hobby of the Queen's is the spinning wheel, and one of the best patronised departments of the technical school is that devoted to spinning. This class was started at the suggestion of the Queen, who became the first pupil. Another hobby of Her Majesty's is the dairy, which is the finest example of its kind in Europe.

In the Good Old Days.

By R. SAUBER.

Christmas Presents to the Maid of the Mill. By GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

"Did you see Santa Claus, Mother?"

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.

Her Christmas dreams
Have all come true;
Stocking o'erflows,
And likewise shoe.

And when delight
Has found a pause,
She asks: "Did you
See Santa Claus?"

WOMEN are declared to have no sense of humour. Humorists are rare, but women humorists are almost unheard of. Therefore it is most remarkable that a little volume of humorous verse, entitled "Paper Pellets," by Miss Jessie Pope, should have been hailed with delight by the critics.

The volume deserves success; it is full of gems of humorous verse told in a dainty and charming manner. She is often satirical, but her technique is never at fault, and the work of England's one woman humorist is work that is certain to be appreciated.

Here is a good example of her satire; it is against perhaps the most hideous of the several hideous prevailing fashions—the motor cap:

I've deye with Gainsborough, straw, and toque,
My dresses are bound with leather,
I turn up my collar like auto folk,
And stride through the pitiless weather;
With a pound of scrag in an old string bag,
In a tram, with a child on my lap,
Wherever I go, to a shop or show,
I wear a motor cap.

I don't know a silencer from a clutch
A sparking plug from a bearing,
But no one, I think, is in closer touch
With the caps the women are wearing;
I've "au fait" with the trim of the tailor-made brim,
The crown and machine-stitched strap
Though I've neither the motor, the sable-lined coat, nor
The goggles—I wear the cap.

The most amusing, and perhaps the best, work in the book is a series of poems entitled and describing "Men I Might Have Married":

FIRST—HAROLD.

A man of ample view
Of lofty brain and noble pros e
Incited by (an esteemed contemporary)
He stiffed tariffs to the essence;
Or in a voice of rolling sound
He thundered out titbits of Browning
On "primal fax" he would expound
Or how to save the nearly drowning.

The punster's wit he did abhor
He loathed an atmosphere of laughter;
A waiting hush must fall before
He spoke and silence follow after
And so he walked with me apart,
With facts and figures plied and proved me
Mine was till then a simple heart,
Nor had I nerves till Harold loved me.

It was soon evident that marriage was out of the question. On the lady's plea that "total deafness was impending," the engagement was broken.

SECOND—GEOFFREY.

Geoffrey was apparently a much simpler matter. His devotion was clearly divided between the lady and his automobile, in addition to which he had a very bad temper:

The carburetter spoilt our fun,
Then something started squeaking,
Or else exploded like a gun,
The tyres were always leaking.
We had a puncture, then a burst,
But Geoffrey's temper was the worst

This upset the lady, who, with quiet resolution, brought matters to a crisis.

I told him frankly to decide—
I spoke without emotion—
Between a motor and a bride,
I'd share no man's devotion
The lack of me his life would mar—
He said—but thought he'd choose a car.

THIRD—BOB.

Undismayed by these two failures, our "engaging" heroine still casts her eye around the circle of her acquaintance, and her heart must have leapt at the obvious attractions of Bob:

Bob was a sympathetic soul,
His generosity was noted;
I can't sufficiently extol
His courtesy, so often quoted
His work achieved a marked success;
His brain was keen, his nerve perfection;
And yet at games I must confess
His clumsiness was past correction.

Bob's clumsiness was his undoing. He was awkward at golf, which was trying; he was awkward at a dance, which was more than trying:

So when he vowed with tragic voice
His heel upon my flounces setting
I was his one and only choice
(All former love affairs forgetting),
And on the tray unwisely sat,
Where claret-cup and ices mingle,
I gently intimated that
I thought it safer to be single.

FOURTH—MONTAGU.

Montagu, who took the place of the unfortunate Bob, was irritating

MISS JESSIE POPE.

simply because he insisted on looking invariably on the bright side of things:

Or when at golf I met defeat,
His fortitude was fearful
He made my misery complete;
No wonder I was tearful
"The best must always win in every strife,"
He said, "and patience is the salt of life."
When I was grossly overcharged
For frocks that never fitted,
And on my grievances enlarged
He neither helped nor pitied
"Annoyances like that," he said, "are small.
Some human beings had no clothes at all

Such a too sanguine person was clearly impossible as a husband, and the heroine—now, it seems, getting a little desperate—hastens onwards to another suitor.

FIFTH—McNEILL.

A stalwart athlete is McNeill, but with a distressing habit of quarrelling on the slightest pretext:

McNeill was a man I admired,
He'd won International laurels,
But his bosom was easily fired
With a passionate craving for quarrels.
From morning to night he spoiled for a fight,
His hair was aggressively red,
He sneered at a life lacking blood-shed and strife,
Or a peaceable death in his bed.

The acquaintance, as one may imagine, was certainly not monotonous, but tragedy was on its heels, for the heroine herself entered the lists:

I forget how the quarrel began;
I remember quite well how it finished;
How high personalities ran,
While our tender affection diminished.
With visages flushed to the combat we rushed
Of course, we said more than we meant;
Then I told him to go—all was over—and so
To my utter amazement, he went!

LET YOUR WIFE ADVISE YOU.

Her Intuition May Mean Your Success.

This is a big, heavy, confusing world. Many nations; many people, many languages; many hatreds, and many hopes are hidden away in it.

But when you sift it down, when you look at it closely, whether your eye alights on Camberwell or the Congo, on China or California, you see the individual family.

There sit the father, the mother, and the children, many or few.

The real problem of this world is the family problem.

The real success of this world is the family success.

As men of the same nationality we struggle and fight and hope together here in England.

As members of the great human race we study, invent, and plan together.

But the real work that counts, the real effort that pushes us upward, is the quiet, earnest, intense, loving work in the home, far from the noise, far from the struggle.

That is where the real work of the world is done.

In that small, domestic trinity of the home, mother, father, and child, emblematic of the higher Universal Trinity, the great life of this earth is reflected.

What a drop of water is to the ocean the family is to the nation. The ocean is nothing but so many drops of water. The nation and the human race are nothing but so many individual families.

The great thing in the world, readers, is harmony, confidence between man and woman.

A man is happy and wise who seeks and encourages the advice of the woman who has joined her life to his.

That man is better than others, wiser than others, who realises that in his wife Providence has given him a judgment that should help his, a strong spirit to lift him over the hard places, and an intuitive faculty for seeing the truth that no man possesses.

Men, remember that, after all, your most important work is doing your duty.

And your most important duty is to take care of the helpless children that you put into this world, and to give to the next generation men and women capable of meeting its problems.

Your children will be what your wife makes them.

Man is the active, powerful, aggressive, proud feature of this generation.

But woman is the queen, the creator of the next generation.

Every woman knows instinctively truths that are hidden from men.

Every woman has in her heart an unselfish devotion of which the best man is incapable.

A man is unfortunate who fails to advise with his wife, to encourage her, to honour her, and consult her.

Even the Red Indians had the brains, amid all their brutality, to consult with their women, who wanted neither glory nor reward, but safety for the tribe.

Saul consulted the wise—probably rather mannish—lady of Endor.

Macbeth talked to deceptive females with the queer broth and moustache. All this was foolish, superstitious recognition of the great fact that in matters of instantaneous judgment the woman is far superior to the man.

Beside you at your table, patient and kind, economical, caring for the children, putting up with your ill temper, managing as well as she can, you have an adviser far above any of these famous witches of old days. Consult her.

Every owner of a big factory will tell you that the great problem of success is to utilise the by-product.

Almost every great industry to-day puts in bank its millions made by utilising the wealth of the by-product neglected until within a few years.

Married men in their daily lives neglect a by-product of success excelling any chemical treasure from the copper mine or the oil refinery.

It is the innate, sound judgment of the wife and the mother, the unselfish woman interested only in the welfare of her children and of their father.

Men, consult your wives, encourage them to think for you, show respect for their opinions. You will find in them a power of suggestion, criticism, and judgment far above your own.

CHORUS GIRLS SCARCE.

Too Few Pretty Girls who Can Sing.

With the increase that has taken place in recent years in musical-comedy production the call for girls of prepossessing appearance who can sing has grown so much that at present the demand far exceeds the supply.

The number of applicants who turn up at a theatre when a voice trial is announced can be counted by hundreds, but of these, a stage manager told a *Daily Mail* representative, not more than 5 per cent. have any pretensions to sing.

This feature of the every day life of the musical stage is possibly the saddest and most depressing, for in reply to an advertisement for "girls of youthful and good appearance who can sing" a procession almost endless was to be seen several days last week entering a certain West End theatre where voice trials were taking place. To look at them was painful; to hear them was worse. Yet along they came; some confident, some indifferent apparently as to whether or not they got engagements, others weary looking, nervous, or painfully expectant of the ordeal. Very few in the crowd passing through that stage door had much claim to good looks, and fewer still looked even smart. Here and there was a young woman of some refinement, but it was evident that the majority were shop girls seeking to get on the stage, and some wore the air of house servants.

Many of them came without a song, quite unprepared to do what the advertisement asked—give a trial of their voice. Some arrived with the words of a song written out on a scrap of paper, but without any musical score. Score or no score, however, only a very few had the qualifications required.

No Desire for Tours.

When it came to discussing an engagement with those who had sufficient qualifications, the stage manager had in nearly every case another difficulty, for all wanted to remain in London. His "I want you for tour" met with the invariable reply, "I wish to remain in town. Can't you offer me something here?" For the provinces, after weeks of trying, he had been unable to complete his companies. It was for a theatre, too, that sends out the best companies, and pays on tour the minimum salary to chorus of £2 a week and railway fares.

"Why they object to touring," remarked the stage manager, "I do not know. They get 5s. a week more than in London, and their chance of promotion is greater. They have more opportunities of showing they are clever, and if they have talent we take them to London quick enough, or give them parts on tour. Talent is lamentably scarce; you have only to see how few names are widely known to prove that."

A certain very extensive touring manager gave it as his opinion that it is a mistake to look to London for your beginners, because, he said, "your voice trials here bring in out-of-employment people who are either useless or played out. I get all my beginners for musical-comedy chorus from the country, mostly from the West of England, fresh young voices, and nice girls who take an interest in their work."

At present all managers are agreed that sopranos and contraltos are very rare—rather still with youthful, pretty faces; and, curiously enough, contraltos, more often than sopranos, are plain looking.

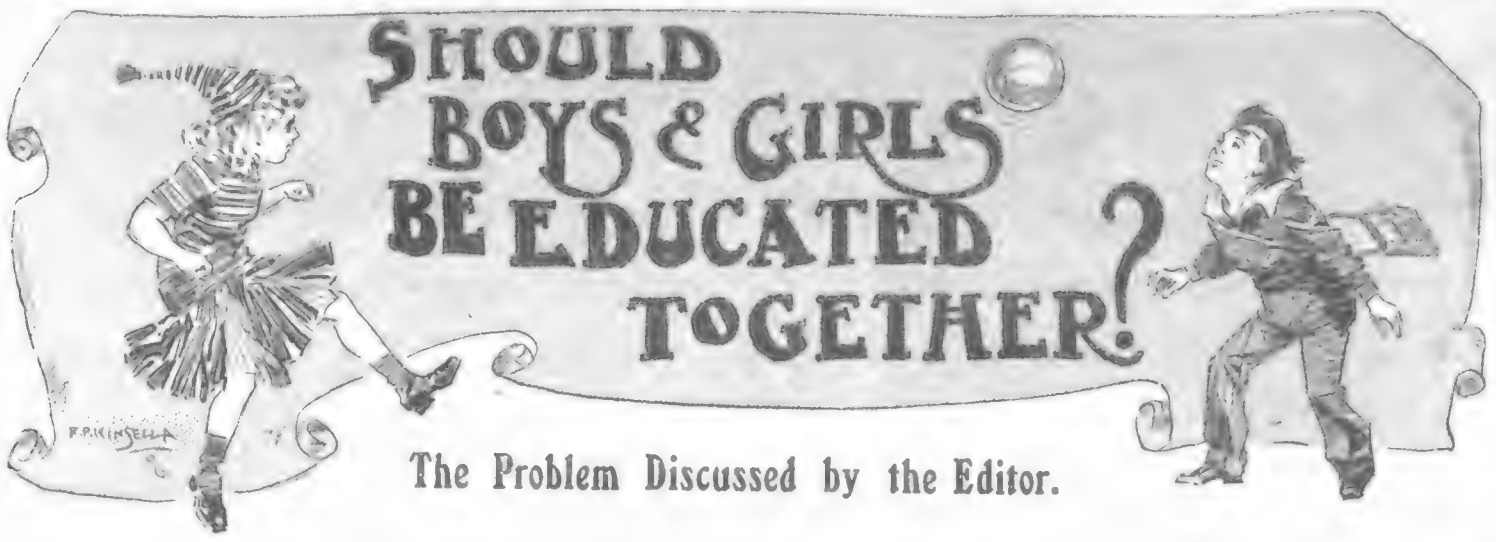
Society Suffragists.

Lady Victoria Villiers denies being connected in any way with the women suffragist cause, and we regret that her name should have been mentioned in our recent article on this subject.

Christmas Presents.

There is a great variety of Christmas presents offered on page 389, but Mr. Pain is most pleased to send to any applicants full and detailed catalogue descriptive of bargains of every character at prices varying from a few pence to many pounds. We should like to call attention to the simplicity and ease of shopping by post. The purchasing in this way can be made a real pleasure when dealing with a firm who can be relied upon. Messrs. Pain Brothers are doing one of the largest businesses in this direction, and it is wholly by post on the wholesale system, goods being sent direct from their warehouses. Their strongest recommendation is the fact that they guarantee satisfaction to every customer, or money is returned in full.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.



The Problem Discussed by the Editor.

Should boys and girls be educated together? A large number of prominent educationalists in this country are beginning to think that they should. Several schools and colleges on co-educational principles have already been established, and are meeting with great success. The movement gains fresh recruits every day.

It is a common-sense proposition—and is sure to succeed in the end. In America by far the greater number of children are trained in mixed schools, and it is claimed that it is this association of boys and girls during their younger years which is responsible for the charm and frankness and independence of the American girl. English and French educationalists who have reported on the system of education in the United States all speak very highly of the unquestionable advantages, both social and moral, of the mixed method.

Years ago, Robert Louis Stevenson said: "Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords; and the little rift between the sexes is astonishingly widened by simply teaching one set of catchwords to the girls, and another to the boys. They are taught to follow different virtues, to hate different vices, to pose their ideal even for each other in different achievements.

"So when I see a raw youth and a green girl mated and fiddled in a dancing measure into that most serious contract, and setting out upon life's journey with ideas so monstrously divergent, I am not surprised that some make shipwreck, but that any come to port. What the boy does almost proudly, as a manly peccadillo, the girl will shudder at as a debasing vice; what is to her the mere common-sense of tactics, he will spit out of his mouth as shameful. Through such a sea of contrarieties must this green couple steer their way, and contrive to love each other, and to respect, forsooth, and be ready when the time arrives to educate the little men and women who shall succeed to their places and perplexities."

General Booth, too, has drawn attention, in a different way, to the same problem. He says: "There ought to be more opportunities afforded for healthy human intercourse between young men and young women, nor can Society rid itself of a great responsibility for all the wrecks of manhood and womanhood with which our streets are strewn, unless it does make some attempt to bridge over this hideous chasm which yawns between the two halves of humanity."

An interesting book on the subject has recently been written by Elliott E. Mills and Edward S. Tylee, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall, Kent, and Co., London, 1s.). They claim that co-education, so far from making discipline more difficult, is found to render it incomparably easier. There is a natural rivalry between the sexes which not only makes each more anxious to excel in the presence of the other, but quickens the desire to appear in the most favourable light to the critical eyes of their comrades. No public opinion is more strong and effective than that of a co-educational school. A boy, for instance, who is well content to pass among his fellows as a dunce, a coward, or a "slacker," will exert himself to the utmost to avoid being disgraced before a feminine audience.

But those who tremble for their sons should become less many and courageous in a mixed school, may be reminded how greatly girls and women admire the Spartan virtues. Their presence is a most powerful incentive to prowess in field or gymnasium, and nowhere are our noble English games practised with more spirit and success than in a co-educational school.

And how about the girls? What do they stand to gain? It is claimed that in the bright and wholesome atmosphere of a well-organised co-educational school, a girl learns to be brave and steadfast, to despise cowardly subterfuges and petty deceits, without losing one atom of the delicate modesty which is the distinctive glory of her sex. Rather may it be said that this quality becomes more apparent in her, since she learns what a noble power it exercises over her boyish companions, and is thus prepared to become an influence for good in the larger world outside the school precincts.

In fact, co-education reproduces the best conditions of home life without what is, in too many cases, its chequered environment. I should

More important still is the influence of the girls in checking bullying and brutality of all kinds. Bangham major, whose favourite amusements are to twist the arms of small boys till the tiny muscles are almost torn from their attachments, or to lift them from the ground by the ears, finds himself quite out of his element in a mixed school, and either leaves it for a more congenial scene, or, yielding to the prevailing sentiment, reforms his manners, and becomes a decent member of juvenile society. For in the heart of the roughest boy there exists a spark of natural chivalry, which restrains the brutality of the little savage from betraying itself among [illegible] companions.

like to know what readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* think of this subject, which is bound to be a fruitful source of discussion in the near future. Perhaps you will drop me a post-card setting forth your views, and we could then inaugurate a discussion amongst ourselves on this problem.

And now I must wish a merry Christmas to all my readers, and a very prosperous New Year. My thoughts on Christmas Day will be with you all, unless, as is more than likely, I am laid up in bed through the overwork and anxiety attending the production of this mammoth issue of the paper!

As you will see when you have read it right through to the last page, I have tried to make this year's Christmas number eclipse all previous records, and I think I can fairly claim to have done so. I should be more than grateful if you would drop me a picture post-card telling me what you think of it.

Last year I had some hundreds of cheery Christmas greetings from the readers of the paper, but there were many thousands of readers who did not write at all. Christmas only comes once a year, so will you make an effort this week to drop me a card giving me your opinion of the paper? Please don't forget. Do it now, while the idea is red-hot.

All the cards sent in shall be sent on again to brighten the Christmas Day of poor children who will not receive any cards of their own.

You will remember that some time ago I wrote some notes drawing attention to the pleasure which you would give to your friends and relations over seas by sending them a copy of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. I said: "You people who live within a 'bus ride or a short train journey of your relations—although sometimes, perhaps, you wish them somewhat further afield—do not know what mail day means to the poor exile out on the edges of the Empire. To-day many thousands of people will be eagerly scanning the telegrams in the papers to see whether the mail-boat has passed Aden, and what day and time it may be expected in Bombay.

"By Sunday or Monday afternoon some poor wretch of a soldier, or doctor, or civil servant, in a fever-stricken hole hundreds of miles from the nearest railway station, and perhaps thirty or forty miles from the nearest white man, will be made temporarily happy with a budget of letters and papers from home.

"That is, of course, if his friends and relations are sufficiently thoughtful to remember his existence. The poor wretch in an 'up-country' station who never gets any letters by the mail generally goes to pieces pretty soon. Mail-day brings a whiff of the Old Country across the seas—memories of everything held dear in days gone by.

"The illustrated papers will be passed from hand to hand and read and re-read until they are torn and blackened with age. You might remember this if by any chance you have kith and kin across the seas. I have lived in the East myself, in India and China and other places, and I know that your absent friends will bless you for every copy you send them of the *P.I.P.*"

I have received by the last mail from Rangoon the following interesting letter from L. S., Dalhousie Street. (I do not give my correspondent's name in full as I do not know whether he would wish me to do so.) He says: "A few lines to say that I receive the *Illustrated Paper* every week from a brother in London, and I can assure you that the *Illustrated Paper* is an enjoyment out this way; not only my English friends enjoy it, but a good many Burmese people I come in contact with in business enjoy it very much, and appreciate the pictures immensely. I must say that your notes in the *Illustrated Paper*, dated October 27th, are the finest I have read, concerning 'The mail-day in the East.'"

VALENTIA STEER.

Where are You Spending Your Christmas Holidays?

In a worthy spirit of enterprise the Great Central Railway Company are catering largely for the Yuletide traffic. Most extensive arrangements have been made for the running of express trains, with buffet car accommodation, at excursion fares, from Marylebone on Saturday, December 22nd, and Monday, December 24th, to more than 200 of the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the general districts of the North. These facilities on the Saturday and on the Monday are offered in order that the convenience of different sections of the travelling public may be suited. It is good to see that the railway companies are more closely studying the needs of their patrons. There is no doubt that a large number will leave Marylebone on the Saturday, but shop-keepers and others, whose business will keep them in town until Christmas Eve, will have the advantage of suitable trains to take them for the "Home Holiday" of the year.

Santa Claus in Fairyland.

The Santa Claus of to-day, in the person of Mr. A. W. Gamage, is a genial old friend whose Christmas

show at the Gamage buildings in Holborn is just now the meeting-place of happy parents and joyful children. The bazaar is a wonderland the young folks should not miss at this season, for it provides good entertainment and an opportunity of seeing the latest in the toy world, whether it be articles suited to the purse of the millionaire or that of his poorer brethren.

Last Christmas Eve Mr. Gamage was playing bridge in his home, when there came a telephone message to him from the far suburbs. "Look here," said a feminine voice at the other end; "that top I ordered for my little boy—2s. 11½d.—at your place hasn't arrived yet, and he'll be dreadfully disappointed. It can't come now." Mr. Gamage said it would, and it did, for on Christmas morning he motored very early to the Holborn premises, got the toy, and motored with it to the suburban home, arraying himself *en route* with a Father Christmas beard, moustache, and flakes of snow. Should such an unfortunate catastrophe happen again this year, Mr. Gamage is just the man to repeat his little adventure and to act up to these business ideals of his which have made him the Santa Claus of Holborn.

How Christmas is Celebrate

Father Christmas or Santa Claus is Patron Saint for Gifts wherever th

Petit Noël

except I

lly the Shoes

Germany as the Home of the Xmas Tree

It is the time for general Goodfellowship & reunions in England

The event of the day in America is Stocking Time

South of the Line, in India for Example, it is the hottest time of the Year

Some of those who do not Celebrate Xmas

brated the World Over.

s where ever the Day is observed.

ral Goodfellowship and Family

The fashionable Parisians fraternize Gaily Christmas Eve in the Cafés.

In Holland Wooden Shoes are filled

In the Latin Countries the Celebrations are mostly of a Religious nature

w Celebrate Xmas

In Canada Winter Sports are in full Swing

Is football a "gentlemanly" game?
ANDREW CARNEGIE SAYS NO.

1

2

3

4

5

6

LAST WEEK MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE SAID: "I have never seen a football game, but I have glanced at pictures of such games, and to me the spectacle of educated young men rolling over one another in the dirt was—well, not gentlemanly." Our special photographs show some particularly ungainly attitudes caught by the camera in big matches this season.

1 2 3 4 5

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE TYPES OF ANIMALS.

Photo, P.I.P.

A Look Back

Towards the end of a year, during which strenuous effort and unexpected obstacle have each had a turn, it will not hurt us to take a look back. The efforts, were they fully sustained, and were they really well thought out and balanced, such as would be sure to bring success if carried through? The difficulties which came to upset everything, had we forgotten to provide against them? "It is the unexpected that generally happens" is as true a saying to-day as it ever was. As has been remarked in this page over and over again, there are more losses through people launching out too freely than from any other cause. True, a lot of money and effort are spent, and someone gains; but one had far better look on and keep one's powder dry than fire it all away at the shadows that pass.

Start at the Bottom.

In fact, there is no other royal road to success. Whether it be in grasping at some big, self-proving, and apparent certainty, or merely making the home and surroundings nice, and ends meet, there is no such sure way to succeed as by taking up each little thing at its inception and carrying it steadily through. And we cannot do better than instil this principle of plod into the children

A Cattery.

The foregoing seasonable remarks are meant to lead up to something of future good use. Perhaps this exact business, cat rearing, may not suit many. There may be even many who will scoff at it as an occupation. But just let us say one thing: There are those who have succeeded in making a good business of it; and there are those who are coming forward now who will soon make a big mark. True, the cattery is only a wooden ark, with a tame-looking stock of animals. But there is a plan. We, being in the know of that plan, may give it. It is this: To rear giant sized cats. Well, these two tortoise shell kittens, besides having the natural food from their two natural mothers, get a spoon-feeding of sweetened milk several times daily. We must not slip away from an explanation. By the two natural mothers we mean that those two mother cats will each in turn give their nourishment to either of those two kittens, such being "what they have been brought up to" by their little owner. The method is as systematic as is that of the prize Christmas stock feeders—weigh daily to note the gain, vary the feed to increase growth, insist on strict cleanliness and sanitation, and, above all, give the closest and most untiring personal attention. As to the results. So far they are marvellous.

Back to the Commonplace.

If a novel pursuit like that of cat rearing will not meet the crave of some of our unsettled readers this Christmas time, let us take a turn back to something that are more of an everyday nature. We are ourselves developing table-rabbit farming, duckling and turkey rearing, big gooseberry growing, open-air tomato culture, and intensive small dairying and pig-breeding, all at one and the same time, for a more pushful and profitable effort in the year that is fast coming. It is possible, in fact it is easy, given some land and some suitable out-buildings, to make all these things fit in, and work together helpfully. Of course, they need an experienced hand to keep them all in tune. They also afford grand teaching and experience for beginners and those who think of taking up as a serious business some one or other of these cults. We are not dead against the agricultural and horticultural schools and colleges as training places for the cults and pursuits they patronise, but we have never yet met with one that taught its pupils to work—work, that is, as worker unaided has got to work if his or her effort is to succeed. We contend that it is not enough that they should be shown how and should know how. We want to see them do it, and keep on doing it, always remembering this, that paying someone else to do it for them means spending before earning, which is the wrong end first.

Kitchen Comfort

Free

Sensible people don't buy oats on account of the amount of water they will soak up.

QUAKER OATS MAKES MORE PORRIDGE AND MORE DELICIOUS AND STRENGTHENING PORRIDGE THAN ANY OTHER OATS.

There are only sixteen ounces to the pound of any kind of oats, but there is more real honest food in a pound of Quaker Oats than in a pound of any other oats.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE COOKER.

FIRST QUAKER OATS Cookers Britain or Ireland on receipt by 1907, of required number of

2 pint 30 } White Sqrs. like this from
3 ,, 50 }
6 ,, 100 }

front of 2-lb. Quaker Oats Packets

Double quantity of Sqrs. required from 1-lb. packets
1 Square from 1/- family pkt. counts as 3 2-lb. pkts.

will be sent carriage paid in Great us, POST PAID, before Sept. 30th, Quaker Squares as below.

If you want Cooker at once, but have not required number of WHITE SQUARES send us a deposit of 2- for 2-pint, 2/6 for 3-pint, 3/6 for 6-pint.

The amount you deposit will be refunded immediately, if correct number of WHITE SQUARES, post paid is received by us before September 30th, 1

Send request to Dept. C.

QUAKER OATS, Ltd., 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Tear This Off & Save it.

THIS COUPON

Counts for a Cooker as Five White Squares if sent with balance of White Squares as above. Only one Coupon accepted with each request for a Cooker.

Name.....

C 240

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT - - - - - 1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED - - - - - 1d. per word.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford Street, London, W (Est. 100 years.)

Turn Your Old False Teeth into cash.—R. D. & J. B. Fraser Ltd., Desk 111, Princes Street, Ipswich, give highest value.

Pianos and Organs, new, second-hand, and returned hire. Cash, or 10s. 6d. per month, carriage paid. Call and inspect or send for catalogue.—Wm. Cooper, 747 Old Kent Road, [illegible].

Ladies' High-class Second-hand Clothing. Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green London.

Billiard Tables, new, [illegible] from hire. Complete, 50s. to £50; best make: approval, cash or credit. Illustrated catalogue post free.—Rempleo Billiard Co., 755 Old Kent [illegible].

Military Clothing.—4,000 good large [illegible] or blue Waterproof Cloth Overcoats for sale; [illegible] of service for other pattern, [illegible] name size required; Oilskin, [illegible] 5/- large blue cloth Police Capes, [illegible] blue Fo lex Trousers any size, [illegible] carriage paid.—H. J. Gasson, Government Contractor, Rye.

You can earn 1/- per hour.—Full particulars [illegible] employment, apply Y, [illegible] Aldersgate Street, E.C.

PLANCHARD'S PILLS [illegible]

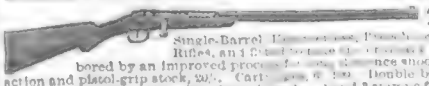
Photo Post-cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Huckett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

Picture Post-cards, splendid variety. Send 2d. for samples and price list.—Stevenson, 6 St. Germain's Road, Forest Hill, London.

Parties.—If you want to entertain your friends properly you will find the necessary information for [illegible] SOCIAL GATHERINGS in [illegible] ENTERTAINMENTS AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM, price 1s. 2d., post free, from the Publisher (E. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Billiards. [illegible] get rid of the notorious [illegible] by procuring a [illegible] and play the [illegible] ingrams [illegible] ting the various [illegible] post free, from the Publisher (E. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

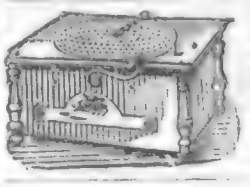
To Dog Lovers [illegible] who do not wish to know how to [illegible] health and [illegible] F. M. Archer's new book on [illegible] (E. Dept.), 17 Henrietta [illegible] W.C.



15/- For ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel [illegible] Rifles, and [illegible] bored by an improved process [illegible] action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges [illegible] Walking Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List. Double Barrel Breechloaders from [illegible] Air Guns, 12/6.

MIDLAND GUN CO., Price St., BIRMINGHAM.



HAND ORGANS from 20/-

Made in three sizes, in elegant black and gold case. Full organ tone. With six metal tunes. Plays songs, hymns, dance music. Organ sent on receipt of 4s. P.O., and if desired can be paid 4s. MONTHLY. *Send for Terms and List of Tunes, Prices, &c.*

ATLAS CO., 162 P High Street, Camden Town, London; 63 Seven Sisters Road, N.

MUSICAL ALBUMS, 10/6.

60 Years' Reputation.

BORWICK'S

The Best BAKING POWDER in the World.

A BARONET BEHIND THE BAR.

PUBLICAN SUCCEEDS TO ANCIENT IRISH TITLE, AFTER A VARIED CAREER AS FOOTMAN, POLICEMAN, AND SOLDIER.

"SIR HENRY ECHLIN, Bart., licensed to sell beer, wines, and spirits, to be consumed on or off the premises. Dealer in tobacco."

This legend, in brand new paint, will be written prominently over the door of the Rose and Crown Inn, a small wayside hostelry half a mile out of the little Buckinghamshire township of Wooburn Green, by the end of the present week.

The proprietor of the Rose and Crown, who has been serving out pewters of mild ale and screws of shag to rustic customers for about fourteen years past, succeeded to the ancient baronetcy of the Echlins on the death of his elder brother Thomas, the seventh baronet, a fortnight ago.

Sir Henry first heard a rumour of the honour thus thrust on him during last week. On Saturday evening, when the farm labourers and paper-mill hands of Wooburn opened the local newspapers in the Working Men's Club, they read of the sudden exaltation of their host at the Rose and Crown.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. Sir Henry Echlin, Bart., and his daughter.
2. Miss Echlin plays the piano to the photographer.
3. Letters for the new baronet.
4. "'Arf o' bitter, please, Sir 'Enery."
5. Outside the Rose and Crown.
6. Sir Henry and Lady Echlin in the bar.

Photos P.I.P.

"SIR 'ENERY."

It dawned upon them slowly that they had "quality" in their midst. The club was almost deserted that night. The members strolled down to the inn with the newspapers in their hands, and found that Sir Henry had already heard of his new dignity from the same source. So they crowded on the window-seat and the old settle in the little bar and gazed and drank and talked, putting unctuous deference into the order, "Another 'arf-pint, Sir 'Enery."

When I walked out to the Rose and Crown to-day, I arrived at the same moment that the first official intimation of his succession to the baronetcy reached the proprietor. Sergeant King, of the Wooburn police, bore it in the shape of a letter from the head office of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in which service Sir Henry's brother, Sir Thomas, had been since 1860.

Sir Henry Echlin had last heard of his brother fourteen years before. That was in the present baronet's first year as a publican. He was then proprietor of the Red Lion, at High Wycombe.

In a chat with me Sir Henry, who is a finely-built man of nearly sixty years, standing over 6ft. in his stockings, straight as a die, with black hair, clean-shaven chin, and iron-grey moustache, gave a remarkable account of his life history. In the course of his lifetime he has been employed in the following varied capacities:

Footman: Three or four years.
Royal Irish Constabulary: Four years.
2nd Life Guards: About a month.
Liverpool Police: Six weeks.
2nd Life Guards: Twenty-one years.
Commissionaire: Twelve months.
Prison warder: About four months.
Private lunatic attendant: Three years.
Publican: About fourteen years

EARLY LIFE.

"My father was poor, but a gentleman," he said. "When I was about seven years old I left home to live with my uncle, and went to the village school until I was fourteen or fifteen. Then I entered the service of Sir Gerald Aylmer, Bart., at Donadea Castle, Co. Kildare, as a footman, and remained with him for about four years.

"After that I served in the Royal Irish Constabulary for four years, and then left to join the 2nd Life Guards. But I only served a month with the Guards then. The yarns of the old soldiers put me off the Army altogether. I was only a young fellow; but all that these old hands told me made me feel that the regiment was not up to concert pitch; so I deserted. I was a fool to desert, as I was really getting on well.

"As a deserter I joined the Liverpool police. That was about 1865. I used to see my name in the *Police Gazette* every morning as a deserter, and I had many a good laugh at it, for they spelt it 'Ashlin,' and that was why I was never found out.

"I left the Liverpool police after six weeks, one reason being that the helmets they wore in those days were too heavy. They made my head ache. I tried to join the Preston police, but they were full up; so, after wandering miserably about for some weeks with nothing to do, I gave myself up as a deserter.

REINSTATED.

"I was sent back to London for punishment; but I was only in the guard-room one day, when I was released by the Duke of Cambridge's orders. He was a real soldier's friend, and we all loved him. He let me go on the plea that I was only a youngster, that I did not take away any accoutrements or equipment, and that my previous character was very good.

"So I was reinstated, and served in the 2nd Life Guards for twenty-one years, finally leaving the regiment a non-commissioned officer. I never saw any foreign service, but I was often one of Queen Victoria's bodyguard, and rode with Her Majesty to the opening of Blackfriars Bridge and the stone-laying of St. Thomas's Hospital.

"After that I served in the Corps of Commissionaires for a year, and then as a warder at Wandsworth Prison for a few months. In my next employment, as private attendant to an insane gentleman at Kingston-on-Thames, I had some really exciting experiences.

A SERIOUS "CHARGE."

"My charge stood 6ft. high and weighed 18st. 9lb., and was subject to periodical attacks of violent insanity. Two days before the full moon I had to look out for squalls. I used to see his neck swell and grow as red as a turkey cock's, and lively times followed, for he was a tough handful to overpower.

"I remained with him for three years, and on the whole we got on very well, for we were both Army men."

Sir Henry Echlin's subsequent career has been spent behind the bars of country inns, he having successively owned the following public-houses:

Wheelwrights' Arms, Marlow.
Rupert Arms, Reading.
Criterion, Windsor.
Red Lion, Wycombe.
Rose and Crown, Wooburn Green.

At Reading Sir Henry married, and his one child, a daughter, is now a pupil teacher at Wooburn School. She is a very pretty girl of fourteen summers. Her name, Margaret Daisy, figures on five certificates for proficiency in religious knowledge hanging in his little bar parlour.

Lady Echlin was serving beer and tobacco in the bar while her husband talked with me, and was in no way abashed at the words, "Your ladyship," now punctiliously added by every customer at the Rose and Crown who has heard the news.

In reply to the question whether he would now remove from the Rose and Crown, Sir Henry said: "Funds will not let me live elsewhere. I am doing a fair wayside trade, and am under a very good brewer. I have already given the order for a new signboard with my title on it, and I suppose I shall keep here.

"There is property in Dublin, I believe, belonging to my family; but money will be required to get it, and I have no money. I am going to write to the Dublin office of the Royal Irish Constabulary at once to learn more about my brother. I have a sister in Canada, and a younger brother who is a station-master on an Irish railway. We are all poor now. It was the baronets who have gone before who squandered all our estates."

Sir Henry is a non-smoker, and, as he put it yesterday, his "strongest drink is mild beer." He did not know whether he was the sixth, seventh, or eighth baronet until I informed him.

The Echlin baronetcy was created in 1721. The family is of ancient Scottish origin, and formerly possessed vast estates both in Scotland and Ireland. One Echlin was Constable and Deputy-Governor of Edinburgh Castle during the siege of 1572; another—Bishop of Down and Connor—was murdered in 1635; and Sir Henry Echlin, the first baronet, was a Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The second baronet sat as M.P. for Newry. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth baronets successively dissipated the family possessions.

PAIN BROS'. BARGAINS FOR XMAS BY POST.
MISS Daisy Dolly PAIN.
1/3 POST FREE.
No. P.I.P. 1.—The Queen of Dollies for 1906-7 season. Wavy Locks, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes to open and shut, Pearly Teeth, Jointed Limbs, Pretty Sateen Frock trimmed with Lace. Complete trimmed Lace Underclothes, Real Straw Hat with Natural-Coloured Daisies in it. All clothes take off and on. Height to top of hat, 9½ inches, and only 1/3 Post Free. Miss Daisy Dolly Pain wants to come and play with every little girl, so write to her daddy (Father Pain), and he won't refuse to send her.
1/3 POST FREE.
"FULL SATISFACTION" OR FULL MONEY RETURNED IS OUR MOTTO
FREE. Sent Gratis and Post Free. Illustrated Catalogues of all Departments.
Free Picture Postcards.
No. P.I.P. 5.—Superior Pictorial Postcard Album, size 11½ by 9½, to hold 150 cards, front prettily decorated with spray of FUCHSIAS in natural colours, and wording in gold; only 1/4 post free, and with the album we will send twenty-five superior coloured postcards (value PENNY each) all of different views of beauty spots and places of interest in the British Isles.
Offered to introduce our Catalogue (Post Free).
FREE XMAS CARDS.
7/6 Value for 1/3 post free.
and choicely adorned with all the favourite and popular flowers in true art colours, all handsomely jewelled. Also we will give with this parcel twelve Penny Pictorial Postcards (all different pretty views (coloured) of beauty spots and places of interest in the British Isles ... Xmas Cards ... which we illustrate in miniature) all prettily finished with real silk Ribbon Bows;
FREE.
Post Free 1/3
No. P.I.P. 2.—Iron Magic Lantern, with lamp, and six assorted slides. Size 9½ by 7½. 1/3 post free.
1/3 1/3
No. P.I.P. 3.—Dulcimer Zither, eight strings, making a full scale, tuning key, and two hammers for striking notes. Size 14½ by 6½. Complete in box, post free, 1/3.
No. P.I.P. 4.—Finely modelled metal Motor Bicycle, enamelled in colours, fitted clockwork and powerful spring; works and runs along when wound up. Large size 8½ by 6½ by 3ins. 1/3 post free.
FREE. Illustrated Catalogue post free.
1/3 POST FREE.
FREE PICTURE POSTCARDS.
You pay for 6, we send you 24.
No. P.I.P. 7.—Send 6d. to-day for our "Art Triumph" Parcel of two ... coloured views of places of note and interest in the British Isles. Every card different. FREE. Grand Illustrated Catalogue of numerous other picture postcards and presents, post free.
The "12-in-Hand." 1/3 Post Free.
No. P.I.P. 12.—The "Twelve-in-Hand" Tool Set. Should be in every home and shop. 12 Tools all in one, including Saw, Gimlet, Bradawl, Chisel, Screwdriver, etc., a marvellous invention of usefulness and value, only 1/3 post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of other Novelties, etc., post free.
1/3 Post Free.
BE YOUR OWN Printer LIKE ME. 1s. 1 SHILLING
No. P.I.P. 13.—A complete Printing Outfit. Case containing five full alphabets of rubber type, numerals, stops, type-holder, tweezers, self-inking pad, &c. A good, useful, instructive and amusing pastime in printing note headings, names in books, etc. 1/2, post free. Smaller, 8d., post free. FREE.
1/3 Post Free
No. P.I.P. 8.—Very strongly made walnut polished Wood Engine Model Money Box, with metal revolving wheels and nickel silver mounts, size 7 by 4½ by 2½ ins.; fitted with lock and key complete. 1/3 post free. FREE.—Illustrated Catalogue of other toys, etc., post free.
Post Free 8d.
No. P.I.P. 9.—The "RECORD" Money Box metal, 6 ins. high, model of an Automatic Weighing Machine; the hand on dial points to the value of each coin dropped in; only 8d., post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of other toys, etc., post free.
1/3
No. P.I.P. 10.—Brass Vertical Steam Engine, with Model Fountain, which throws up a jet of water when engine is working; size 7½ by 6 ins. Complete—lamp, filler, etc. 1/3 post free.
Post Free 5d.
No. P.I.P. 11.—A good and amusing novelty. No danger. Indoor or Parlour Firework Balloons, which rise to the ceiling and send forth pretty Coloured Meteor Rays and Fireballs. 25 for 5d.; 50, 9d.; 100, 1/4; 250, 3/-; 500, 5/6; 1,000, 10/-; all post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue post free.
PAIN'S PARLOUR FIREWORKS
No. P.I.P. 12½.—Massive Ivy Leaf Pattern Keeper Ring (exactly as illustrated), all sizes. Hall-marked 9-carat Gold, 9/6; 18-carat Gold, 20/-. Both post free. (For size send an old ring, or write for size card.) Illustrated Catalogue sent gratis and post free of all kinds of Rings. £1
1/1
No. P.I.P. 14.—Pretty Art Metal Purse, with design of Cupids on front. Size 2½ by 2½ins. Like pearl silver. 1/1 post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of other Novelties, etc., post free.
1/3 Post Free.
No. P.I.P. 15.—Pretty Art Metal Sugar Bowl, with detachable dark blue glass lining, and Fancy Sugar Spoon, complete, size 2 by 3½ in. 1/3 Post Free.
No. P.I.P. 16.—Lady's set of 3 Tortoiseshell pattern Combs (back and two side), usual full sizes, 1/3, post free. Inlaid with Gold or set with Parisian Diamonds, as preferred, 2/6 the set of 3 post free.
1/3
No. P.I.P. 17.—Strong Leatherette Covered Work Box, with removable Tray, fitted with Scissors and Haberdashery complete, and Lock and Key. Size 5¼ by 4½ by 2½ ins. 1/3 Post Free.
This little pig did not go to market, but stayed at home to mind the pins.
No. P.I.P. 18.—Pretty Coloured Velvet and Novel Art Metal (like antique Silver) Pig Pin-Cushion, size 3 by 4½ ins. 1/3 post free.
1/3
Post Free 1/6.
No. P.I.P. 19.—Model Nickel Silver Shaving Set, 11ins. high, with Mirror, Soap-dish and Brush, 1/6 post free; or 2/6 post free with Hollow-ground Razor. Safety Razors 1/6, 2/-, and 3/6 post free.
FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of Shaving Requisites, etc., post free.
7d.
10d. 10d.
No. P.I.P. 21, 22, & 23.—Full sized Electro-plated Jam Spoon, Pickle Fork, and Butter Knife, with staghorn or white polished bone handles, as preferred. Special price, 10d. each, post free; or 2/3 the set of 3, post free. Worth double. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of all kinds of presents post free.
No. P.I.P. 24.—Handsomely embossed Art Metal (like real silver) Flower Vase, with green grass lining to take in and out; 5½ inches high. 1/3 post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of other Novelties post free.
1/3
No. P.I.P. 25.—The "Perfect Marvel" Case, containing Black Vulcanite Fountain Pen, Glass Filler, Nickel Screw-out Pencil, Nickel Pendant or Watch-chain Pencil, Nickel Pen-holder, & Nickel Box of Refill Leads; maker's price, 2/6 without the Fountain Pen; our price for the lot, 1/3 Post Free. 1/3
No. P.I.P. 27.—Black Leatherette Covered (Metal) Electric Pocket Lamp, bright nickel ... flashes of brilliant electric light ... valuable to all. A light anywhere, at any time, without notice. No danger. 1/2 post free. Electric Scarf Pin or Button Hole, for attaching to pocket lamp, causing great fun when tie-pin or button-hole is lit up. 1/1 each post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of other Electric Novelties, etc., post free.
ALL THREE BELLS RING.
4/6
No. P.I.P. 28.—The "THREE BELLS" Alarum Clock, neat gilt metal case, fine lever movement, with latest improvements (height to top of ring, 8½ins., width, 4½ins.), and imitation ivory dial. All three bells ring and will awaken the soundest sleeper. A Marvel at the low price of 4/6, post free. Our Clock Sales number over 16,000 each year (Catalogue of all kinds of clocks, watches, and jewellery post free). This bargain is offered to introduce our Catalogue. Post Free.
1/-
No. P.I.P. 29.—Good Hollow Ground Razor (full size), 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/-, 4/-, and 5/- each, post free. Also other shaving requisites. Write for Catalogue.
No. P.I.P. 26.—Lady's Superior Pattern unternishable White Metal Waist Belt (of the usual width). Will fit any size waist, 1/6 post free. 1/6
1/- 2/6 2/-
No. P.I.P. 31. No. P.I.P. 32. No. P.I.P. 33.
GOLD.
Nos. P.I.P. 31, 32, 33.—Gent's Scarf Pins; all full length and pointed, a marvellous line. Real gold (stamped) heads, metal stems. No. P.I.P. 31, 1/-. No. P.I.P. 32, set with Sapphire, 2/-. No. P.I.P. 33, set with Ruby, 2/6. All post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of all kinds of Jewellery, etc., post free.
1/3 POST FREE. No. P.I.P. 34.—Pretty Gold-plated Necklet and Beautiful Gold-plated Pendant, with Pearl Drop Ornamentations (takes photos both sides). Size exactly as illustrated. In neat box, only 1/3 post free. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of all kinds of Jewellery, etc., post free.
GREAT BARGAIN SPLENDID VALUE.
Post Free 7/6 1/3
No. P.I.P. 35.—The "NON-SUCH" Accordeon, of convenient size, 8½ by 8½ by 4½ ins. Black Ebonised Case, 10 Keys, 3 Metal Stops, and 2 sets of strong Reeds. A sweet and powerful-toned instrument; only 8/- post free. Write for the Gratis and Post Free Musical Instruments List, No. 80. ACCORDEONS from 5/- to 42/- each, etc.
POST FREE. 8/-
tern gold cased Albert and Goldstone Pendant complete, 1/3, post free; or in real silver (hall-marked every link) chain, only 7/6, post free; 9-carat gold, 75/-; 18 carat gold £7. FREE. Illustrated Catalogue of all kinds of Watches, Jewellery, etc., post free.
The "CASKET OF JEWELS," 2/6 POST FREE.
No. P.I.P. 30. The "CASKET OF JEWELS" is the biggest bargain wonder ever offered; a neat dark green leatherette-covered casket, lined crimson velvet, with removable tray, and containing gold plated long Watch (or muff) Guard ... Curb and Padlock Bracelet; Green and Red Enamelled Butterfly Brooch; six-row Lustre Pearl Necklet with drop piece; stone-set gold-plated expanding Ring to fit any finger; Gold-plated, set pearls and turquoise Horseshoe and Star Brooch; and another Violet Pattern Brooch, enamelled in natural tints. The whole lot, pretty Casket and contents (as illustrated in miniature, but all full-sized articles) Post Free for 2/6.
Offered to introduce our Catalogue (Post Free).
1/3
No. P.I.P. 39.—Rolled Gold-Fronted Suite of Studs, Links, and Tie-clip, all complete, in neat box, marvellous value, 1/3 post free. (Size as illustrated.)
1/3
No. P.I.P. 36.—Beautiful Gem Ring (as illustrated), Hall-marked 18-carat Gold, set with one Diamond and two Rubies, all sizes, 20/- post free. (For size send an old ring or write for size card.) Illustrated Catalogue of all kinds of Rings post free. £1
No. P.I.P. 37.—The "Pleasure" Talking Disc Machine. Oak Case, Nickel Silver Fittings. Plays any 7-inch disc record at each winding. 12/6 Post Free. Records 1/1 each, Post Free
12/6
Full List of records and fuller particulars of machine on application. ... Musical Instruments List, No. 80
FOREIGN ORDERS.
We have a special department for the prompt dispatch of goods to the Colonies and Foreign Countries. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, sent gratis and Post Free to any part of the world, with special terms for postage and carriage of goods to be sent beyond the British Isles.
Post Free £1
No. P.I.P. 40.—The "AMORETTE" Hand Organ, size 13½ by 10 by 7½ ins. A handsome instrument in Black Ebonised Case, with Gold Ornamentations. Fitted with sixteen finest Steel Reeds. Supplied complete with six strong metal tune discs, 20/-. Extra tunes, 6d. each; hundreds of all kinds supplied, sacred, songs, dances, etc. FREE. Musical Instruments price list No. 80, post free. Accordeons from 5/- to 42/-.
Address all letters to
PAIN Bros., Dept. 12R, Presents House, HASTINGS, (ENG.)

A THRILLING COMPLETE CHRISTMAS STORY.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

I.

"OH, the mistletoe bough." Mr. Archibald Hendron, barrister-at-law, was manfully howling out the dismal melody as he sat at the piano in the cosy drawing-room of Hill Croft Farm.

Miss Phyllis Charteris paused in the task of arranging an awkward bunch of holly over the portrait of a severe-looking gentleman of the Puritan period.

"Don't you know anything else?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the young man cheerfully; "heaps of things!"

He shifted his position on the stool, and, after a preliminary run over the keys, hammered out a tune which bore a passable resemblance to a Christmas carol.

Again his strident voice rang out:

"While shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of——"

Mr. Hendron broke off abruptly at the sudden entry of the owner of the farm.

Mr. Joseph Charteris, gentleman farmer, was a portly little man, with a large, good-humoured face. He farmed for pleasure, his income being derived from a handsome legacy left by his father.

He burst into the room, his face pale, his limbs trembling, and his heavy boots covered with snow.

His niece noted the last fact with great displeasure, and would have severely commented upon it but for her uncle's unusual demeanour.

"I've seen them," gasped the portly man, sinking into a chair by the roaring fire.

"Seen what?" asked Mr. Hendron casually.

"The Phantom Squadron," groaned the farmer.

The startled girl jumped to the floor, and the troublesome bunch of holly followed her.

"What do you mean, uncle?" she asked fearfully, going over to the old man's chair.

"Why the ghostly horsemen that old Martin said he saw last night," replied her uncle in a weak voice, his limbs trembling as though with ague.

Mr. Archibald Hendron was about to light a cigarette, but he paused in the operation and blew out the match.

"What sort of horsemen were they, and where did you see them?" he asked in his most legal manner.

The old man put his hand to his eyes as though to shut out some horrible spectacle.

"I had just crossed the home meadow, and was going to turn into the yard," he began in so low a voice that the two listeners had great difficulty in hearing, "when I heard the thud of hoofs. I looked over to the road to see what it was, and there I saw a sight I'd have given a hundred pounds not to see."

The old man's genuine terror impressed even the prosaic and matter-of-fact barrister.

"Well?" he said gently.

"Just by Cookson's copse I saw a body of horsemen all clothed in white; their horses shone with a peculiar phosphorescent light, and their was a weird musical jangle of steel. I had just one look at them, and then I rushed in. If I'd only known what I was going to see, I would have shut my eyes," he added plaintively

"Is that all?" said Mr. Hendron carelessly, as he again essayed to light a cigarette. "I thought there must be something horrible to come. It's some fellows having a practical joke, you take my word for it."

"I shan't take your word for it, sir," rapped out Mr. Charteris, rising with dignity. "Do you think I can't believe the evidence of my own eyes? Practical joke be hanged! Those horsemen are a phantom squadron from another world. They have some connection with an inmate of this farm, or they would never have appeared to me—on Christmas Eve, too. It is a solemn thought, sir; a solemn thought."

Then the old farmer, with a disdainful glance at his disbelieving guest, stumped out of the room.

There was silence between the man and girl for a few minutes after he had gone. Then the girl spoke, and tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, Archie, uncle is so superstitious this will spoil his Christmas; he takes it so seriously. Isn't there anything we can do? What do you think it means?"

The barrister's heavy black eyebrows contracted in a thoughtful frown.

"Oh, it must be some beggars up to a practical joke. How they work it I don't pretend to know, but there can be no other solution. You don't believe in spirits, do you, Phyllis?"

"N-no," replied the girl, staring down into the red blaze of the fire.

Mr. Hendron rose and placed his arm round her slim waist. It was a totally unnecessary proceeding, but it seemed to please them both.

"I don't see what we can do," he said softly. "Personally, I don't bear your uncle a wonderful lot of affection when through his pig-headedness he is keeping me from marrying the dearest, prettiest, and——"

"Hush!" The girl held up her hand.

They listened for a moment in silence.

Then came a faint cry.

"What was that?"

The girl's voice was tense with excitement, and Hendron's heart was beating quicker than usual, for the cry was that of a man in mortal fear and the other sound was that of a number of horses' hoofs on the snow.

He crossed over to the window that overlooked the farmyard, pulled aside the blind, and looked down. The girl, who had followed him, peered over his shoulder, and together they saw a sight that for the moment made them doubt the evidences of their eyes.

Drawn up across the yard were about a dozen horsemen totally enveloped in long, flowing white robes. At first glance they appeared to have no heads, but a closer investigation showed that they were hidden in white cowls, with two great black-rimmed holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth. From their robes and from their horses shone a peculiar unearthly phosphorescent light.

In front of this strange squadron stood Jasper Charteris, his face ghastly, his limbs trembling. He appeared to have entirely lost his senses.

The man and the girl stood rooted to the spot. Phyllis was clutching her lover's arm in a vice-like grip, and her face had lost its colour.

Hendron's face was a study. He was struggling hard to disbelieve his own senses.

"Hush!" he said hoarsely. The window was open at the top, and through it came the sound of a deep sepulchural voice. It was one of the white horsemen speaking:

"I thirst mightily, O farmer. Bring me water that all may be well with me—and thee."

Like a man in a dream the farmer turned towards the house.

"In yon bucket," said the ghostly visitor, with a hideous laugh.

Meekly the old man picked up a large farmyard pail that stood close by and tramped over the snow to the pump.

Then he brought it back filled to the brim, and handed it to the horseman.

Then an astonishing thing happened—a thing that made Hendron's lower jaw drop and his eyes stand out of his head.

The mysterious being took the bucket in his chalky white hands, lifted it to his mouth, and drained it at one gulp.

Then he threw the bucket clanking to the ground, and, with a weird ghostly cry, the squadron wheeled round their horses and glided out of the yard, leaving the old farmer standing as one turned to stone.

As they disappeared Hendron recovered the use of his senses.

"This is some practical joke," he cried excitedly to the trembling girl. "I'm going to see what it all means."

"No, no," she cried. "Archie, you mustn't leave me. The thing is horrible. I'm afraid, and uncle will be so——"

"Be brave, little girl," said Hendron gently, stooping and kissing her; "it can only be some fellows playing an idiotic joke. Try and soothe your uncle when he comes in; tell him that I'm going to get at the bottom of the mystery. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"What are you going to do?" cried the girl, as he reached the door.

"Follow them on my bike," came the quick reply.

Hendron dashed down the stairs and seized his bicycle, which stood in the passage near the front door. As he pushed it out into the yard Mr. Charteris came up.

"I'm going to follow the beggars," cried the barrister; but the old man took no notice, and walked on into the house.

Hendron sprang into the saddle and pedalled off at full speed in the direction in which the phantom squadron had disappeared.

He knew the country well, for this was his second Christmas visit to Hill Croft Farm, and he had paid many others in the past twelve months, for, although Mr. Jasper Charteris would not allow a definite engagement until Phyllis should be twenty-one, he made no objection to the young man visiting her.

Four miles along the road he was taking was the little country garrison town of Goulton. If the horsemen were practical jokers—and he told himself repeatedly that they were—they would hardly dare to enter the town, but would strike off somewhere along the road.

Suddenly a man rounded the bend of the road and nearly ran into him.

He looked like a tramp; his face was livid, he was trembling in every limb, and shouting wildly and incoherently. As Hendron whizzed past he shrieked out a warning, but the barrister heeded him not. He knew he was on the right track still.

Some hundred yards further on he came in sight of the mysterious band. They were trotting along the road, the hoofs of the horses making no sound on the heavy snow—the snow that made the road such bad going for the cyclist.

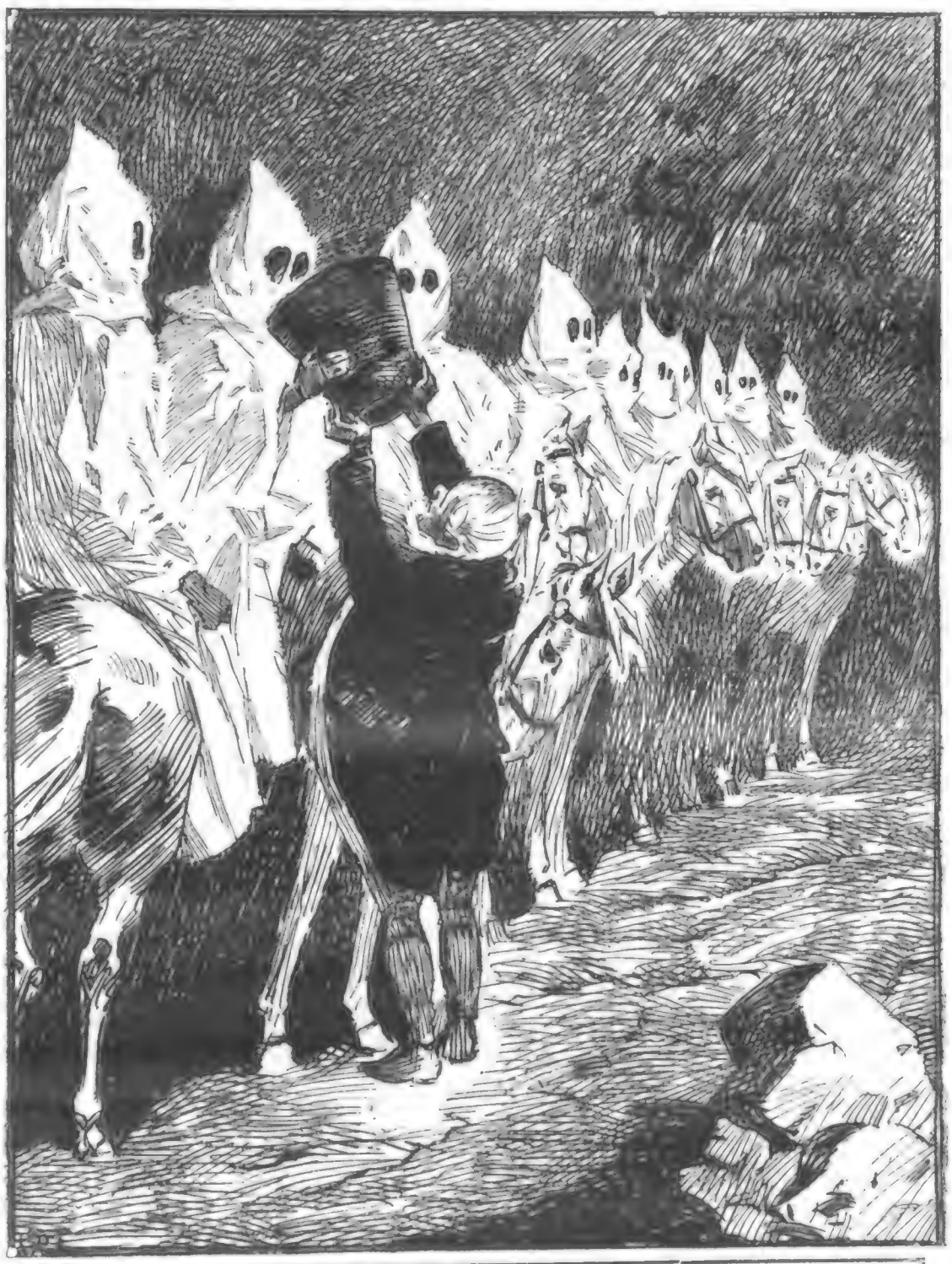
Hendron pedalled madly. The road was deserted, and for some little distance lay through open country, so he could still keep the horsemen in sight, although he could do little to lessen their lead.

Then suddenly they swerved round a bend, and Hendron knew they must be near the town. He pedalled as he had never done before to get them in sight again, but when he rounded the corner they had disappeared.

The barrister jumped from his machine and stood staring along the road in absolute amazement.

Then suddenly a light dawned upon him. He saw a little distance

(*Continued on page 396.*)



"The mysterious being took the bucket in his chalky white hands, lifted it to his mouth, and drained it at one gulp."

COLEMAN'S NERVE PILLS

TRADE "NERVLETTES" MARK.

GIVE INCREASED NERVE POWER TO CONQUER BUSINESS WORRIES.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

The great secret of success is energy and perseverance

Energy and perseverance are only maintained by the strength of the nervous system.

Weak nerves mean weak will power, vacillation, nervousness, and irritation.

The nerves govern our well-being in everything, thought, word, deed, and action.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves to protect the nerves by every possible means.

The best remedy for nerve weakness is to take Coleman's Nerve Pills regularly.

Coleman's Nerve Pills are tasteless, non-injurious, but the finest nerve-bracers in the whole world.

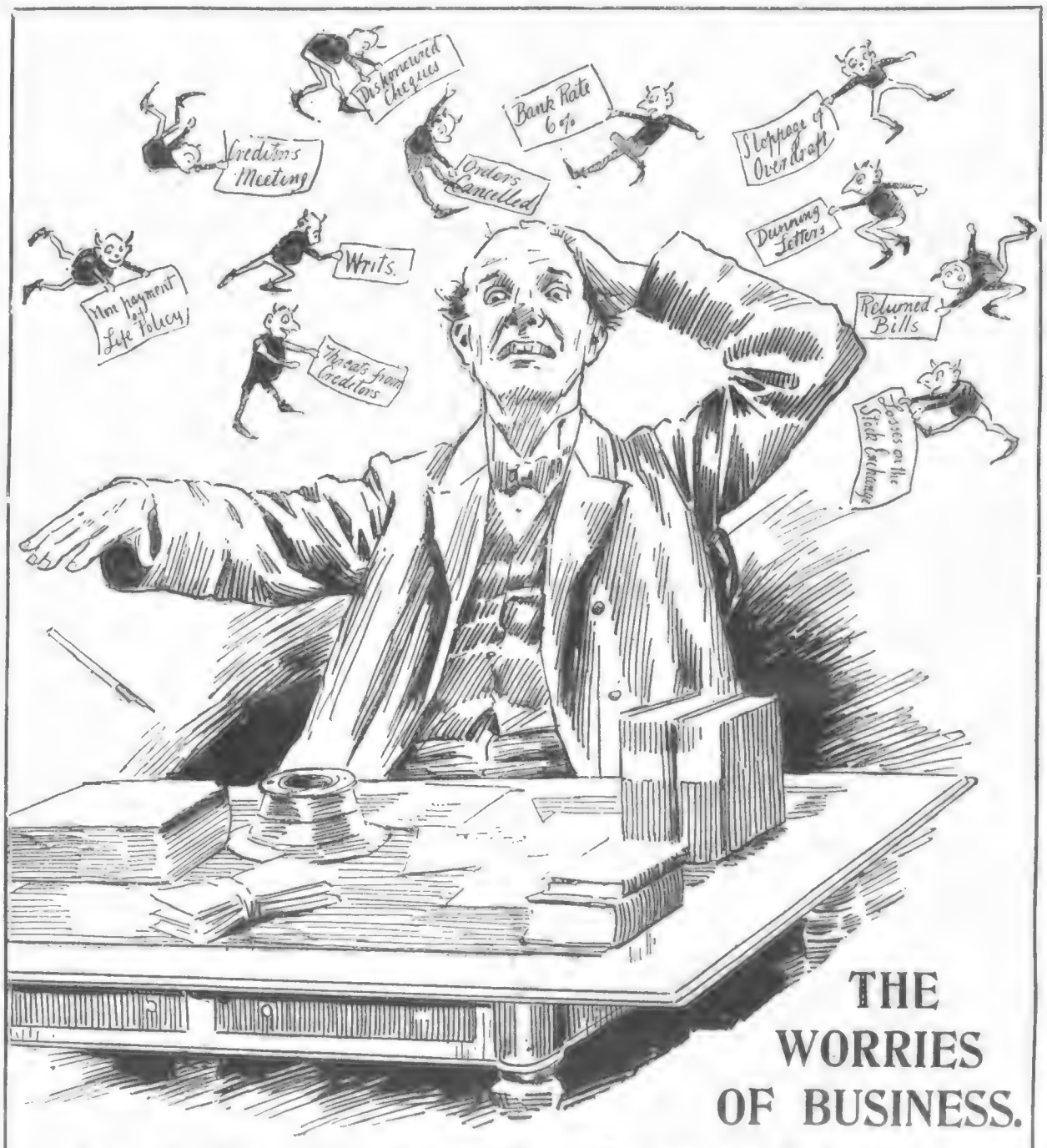
They make you work well, sleep well, and think well, and you can test them absolutely free of charge.

Dr. DOW, the distinguished writer on the failing powers of life, says:—

"Men who are subjected to extreme anxiety, worry, and overwork soon show signs of nervous breakdown."

Coleman's Nerve Pills will take care of the nerves for you; do the work quietly and pleasantly, and, in a short time, you will feel quite a different being—fit and well.

AFTER FREE TRIAL Coleman's Nerve Pills can be obtained at all chemists and stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle.



THE WORRIES OF BUSINESS.

Nine-tenths of the failures in business are due to want of nerve. The moment a man finds himself in difficulties he becomes nervous. The trouble he imagines is greater than he can bear, he turns coward and either makes a dishonourable failure or commits suicide. That man is great who faces his difficulties with determination, puts his shoulder to the wheel, and by sheer force of will and nerve lifts his business out of the rut of despair and re-establishes it on a sound basis. If you lack nerve power acquire it quickly by Coleman's Nerve Pills.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Hammerwich, Lichfield,
7th November, 1906.

Gentlemen,—I have been more joyous and light-hearted since taking Coleman's Nerve Pills than I have been for years before. The effect of the Pills has been wonderful indeed. Sleep now refreshes and invigorates me. I have a splendid appetite, and feel that my food is now doing me good. I had been looking for a remedy for nervous depression, and I am glad to say your Nerve Pills have done for me all that was set forth in the advertisement. They deserve to be widely known.—Yours truly,
J. BUTLER
(Engine Diver).

Dover, 8th November, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I can hardly describe the full amount of benefit I have derived from Coleman's Nerve Pills. I had tried innumerable other remedies without the least benefit; but your Nerve Pills seem to act like magic. I feel so much better that I shall always keep them by me. I have recommended them to several of my friends, and shall certainly continue to do so.—Thanking you very much, yours faithfully,
MILDRED M. BROWN.

Avon House, 166, Bath-road, Southsea,
29th October, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—A few months ago I suffered from nervous headaches, but after taking your Nerve Pills they are acting beneficially. I also notice that the digestive organs are stimulated and improved. I recommended them to many of my friends, who now speak very highly of them. One gentleman says they are invaluable for brain-fag. Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) HETTY GODFREY.

Important Certificate of Analysis from W. LASCELLES-SCOTT, Esq.

Chemical and Physical Laboratories.

"Coleman's Nerve Pills" are Spherical and of comparatively small size, only about 0·2in. (one-fifth of an inch) in diameter. Being "pearl-coated," and therefore quite tasteless, they are easily swallowed. Besides acting as a general tonic, febrifuge, and digestive, these pills exert a distinctly stimulative influence upon the nerve centres and lymphatic system, whilst they also supply to impoverished blood the Phosphorus it so greatly needs in a readily assimilative form. Unlike many of the alkaloid and glucosidal neurotics commonly met with, "Coleman's Nerve Pills" do not interfere with, but, on the contrary, tend to assist the gastric functions, and their action upon even a weak heart is of the beneficial kind, without after ill effects. In anæmia, neurasthenia, and the early stages of phthisis, this preparation is likely to prove of considerable value. I have therefore no hesitation in Certifying that, in my opinion, "Coleman's Nerve Pills" are very carefully made up of the purest materials, and well calculated to remove or ameliorate the ailments for which they are recommended.

(Signed)
WENTWORTH LASCELLES-SCOTT.

NOTE.—All applicants are entitled to a Free Sample Bottle of Coleman's Nerve Pills. You have only to fill in the Coupon, cut it out, and send it to J. CHAPMAN and CO., LTD., NORWICH, or you can send a postcard asking for Free Sample; but you must mention this paper. By return you will receive a bottle of Nerve Pills containing £50 worth of nerve force free of charge and post-paid.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"Penny Illustrated Paper," December 15th, 1906.

INCREASE INCOME BY SENDING IN THE COUPON TO THE PROPRIETORS, J. CHAPMAN & CO., LIMITED, NORWICH.

Aristocratic Ghosts Which Haunt Famous Houses.

YULETIDE apparitions have been, from time immemorial, a feature of many of the stately homes of England, from Windsor Castle downwards. Of late years cold science has dealt many hard blows at ghostly traditions, and one noticeable effect of this has been the almost entire disappearance from the Christmas numbers of the ghost story, which had been an indispensable accessory to those entertaining annuals. However, we still have a few Society ghosts left to us even in the twentieth century, and it is to be hoped, if only for the sake of the newspapers, that one or two of them will duly make their appearance this Christmas time.

GHOST OF QUEEN BESS.

Windsor Castle rejoices in two wraiths. One is a mysterious lady dressed in black, her head swathed in a black veil, who glides through the library and vanishes into a room which has been closed up and has no exit. She last appeared a few years ago, when the Castle inhabitants decided that she must be the ghost of Queen Elizabeth. The other is the ghost of Anne Boleyn's daughter, who also haunts the rooms favoured by the spook of Queen Elizabeth. The Boleyn wraith is attended with uncanny moanings and wailings; so much so that on the last occasion when she startled Windsor the night guards in that portion of the Castle were doubled.

A SCREAMING, STRUGGLING QUEEN.

The apparitions of Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII.; of Jane Seymour, his third wife; and of Mistress Sybill Penn, foster-mother of Edward VI., still frequent the "Haunted Gallery" at Hampton Court, which was reopened last year after being used for a long period as a storage place for pictures. Queen Catherine was confined in the Palace pending her trial, but she escaped from her chamber and fled along the gallery towards the chapel, where the King was. She was seized by the guards and taken, screaming and struggling, back to her room, and thence to Syon House and the block on Tower Hill. Since then a female form, robed in white, has been seen running along the gallery towards the entrance to the Royal pew in the chapel. But it never enters the chapel. As it reaches the door it turns and rushes back, with shrieks and disordered garments. Ladies who have lived in apartments in that part of the Palace have testified repeatedly to the genuineness of the shrieks and of the apparition.

SHRIEKS AT HAMPTON COURT.

Queen Jane Seymour died in the Palace, and lay in state in the Presence Chamber, which is close to the Haunted Gallery. It is asserted that to this day her spectre, taper in hand, wanders about in the neighbourhood of the Silver Stick Gallery. Mistress Penn died at Hampton Court, and was buried at Hampton, but her tomb was disturbed, and it is said that ever since the figure of a woman has been seen sitting at a spinning-wheel and shrieking at intervals in the south-west wing of the Palace. The last time Mistress Penn's apparition was seen was in 1881, when it startled a sentry, who fled affrighted to the guard-room. A recent search resulted in the discovery of an ancient and unknown chamber, which contained an antique spinning-wheel.

LADY HAMILTON'S SPOOK.

The ghost of Nelson's Lady Hamilton haunts a house near Tooting Broadway, and a little band of Tootingites recently kept an all-night vigil in the vain hope of "laying" the apparition. Former occupants of the house were driven out of it by uncanny noises, and for years they declared that they saw the wraith of Lady Hamilton flittering from room to room attired in the dress of her period.

THE DISRAELI SPECTRE.

The spirit of Isaac Disraeli, father of Lord Beaconsfield, haunts Bradenham House, Buckinghamshire. Isaac Disraeli died there, and at certain times of the year his ghost drives up to the old house in a "coach and pair," alights, and shuffles up the stairs. At other times his footsteps are heard along the corridors and in certain mysterious "rooms under the roof," to which the villagers refer with awe. The family of a recent tenant, Mr. Graves, constantly saw and heard uncanny things, and so did a kitchen-maid and butler in their employ. In a gloomy corner is an old cupboard, the key of which has often been turned by ghostly hands. In this cupboard, it is said, Isaac Disraeli used to lock his unfortunate spouse when she displeased him, and it is towards it that the shuffling steps are heard.

HAUNTED COUNTRY MANSIONS.

Among the famous haunted country seats are Glamis Castle, the seat of Lord Strathmore; Raynham Hall, Norfolk, the home of Marquess Townshend; Rufford Abbey, the residence of Lord Savile; Mr. Paul Kester's castle of Augill, in Westmorland; Louther Hall, the seat of Lord Lonsdale; and Creslow House, which is owned by Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; while in London there are ghost stories associated with St. James's Palace, Holland House, and, of course, the Tower.

CARRIES HIS HEAD IN HIS HAND.

A sentry saw a ghost in the Tower in the year 1817, and died of fright. The room where Guy Fawkes was examined is still supposed to be haunted. Another ghostly appearance at the Tower is that of the axe, the shadow of which is sometimes seen on the walls of the Keep. The St. James's Palace story is that one of Charles II.'s ladies, the Duchess of Mazarin, resident there, made a compact with her friend, Mme. de Beauclair, that whichever died first should appear to the survivor. The Duchess was the first to die, and she actually appeared at the Palace some years after her death, telling her friend that she "would be with her that night between twelve and one," at which hour Mme. de Beauclair died. The Holland House ghost is that of a former Lord Holland, who was imprisoned in the gilt-room before being led to execution, and it is said that the awful spectacle may still be seen of Lord Holland's beheaded body walking in the room carrying his head in his hand.

THE TOWNSHEND APPARITION.

A little lady in a brown satin dress haunts Raynham Hall, and always appears before the birth or death of a member of the Townshend family. She is supposed to be Lady Dorothy Walpole, wife of the second Viscount, who went out of her mind and was secluded in an attic of the Hall. Several deaths have followed her appearance. She also appeared to the Prince Regent when he was staying at the Hall. Drawing aside the curtains of his bed, she so scared the Prince that he departed from the Hall the next day.

THE RADIANT BOY.

The spirit of a departed monk haunts Rufford Abbey, which was once the home of Cistercian Fathers. He appears only to women, and is dressed in white, with a cowl over his head. A spectral drummer-boy weirdly playing a drum heralds the coming of sorrow or death at Cortachy Castle. Caistor Castle boasts a spectral carriage drawn by four headless horsemen. At Corby Castle there is a certain room in which a vivid light periodically appears, apparently from the fireplace, revealing a beautiful naked boy, dazzling and radiant. This spectre is known as the Radiant Boy of Corby. A terrible midnight drummer keeps watch over a legendary treasure-chest in the gateway tower of the old Sussex castle of Hurstmonceux.

A NAMELESS HORROR.

An eccentric ghost stalks about in a galaxy of moving lights at Augill Castle, Westmorland, which was recently purchased by the American playwright, Mr. Paul Kester. The wife of Sir Philip Hobby, last English Papal Legate of Rome, still haunts Bispham Abbey, near Great Marlow. One of the bedrooms there is dedicated to her wraith, in front of whom, when it appears, an unsupported basin moves, wherein she washes and wrings her hands. Weirdest spirit of all, perhaps, is that associated with Glamis Castle, the home of the Strathmores. This is some nameless horror, the nature of which is known only to three persons—the holder of the title, the heir on coming of age, and the agent of the estate. The late Lord Strathmore firmly believed in the ghost of Glamis Castle, whatever it may be.

A RUSTLING SILKEN DRESS.

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh's family ghost is the wraith of Rosamond Clifford, which haunts a gloomy, darksome vault at Creslow Manor. The vault contains skulls and other human remains, and is entered by a door sculptured with grotesque faces. Rosamond has often been heard by those who have ventured to sleep in this room. She walks about in a grave, stately manner, apparently with a long silk train sweeping the floor, and sometimes her motion is quick and hurried, her silk dress rustling violently, as though she were engaged in a desperate struggle. It is all very mysterious, and, as the poet says:

"Doubtless there are no ghosts:
Yet somehow it is better not to move,
Lest cold hands seize upon us from behind."

This DRESSMAKER

says:

"I trust you will excuse me taking the liberty of addressing you, but I feel I must bear testimony to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I am a Dressmaker, and before going out to business of a morning I always have a cup of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I also have it for supper. I am very much better for taking it. I do not suffer from indigestion like I did, and I am able to do my work now."

Don't let the fact that you have not yet tried Vi-Cocoa stand in the way of your sharing in the advantages which follow from its use. Your grocer will be able to supply you with a package **to-day**. Why not try it? Or send for free Sample Tin to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Ltd., 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

Christmas Luxuries.

Christmas Necessities.

Beecham's Pills

cure Indigestion, Biliousness, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, and Sick-headache. They tone up the appetite and repair the ill effects arising from over indulgence in the festivities of a joyful season. BEECHAM'S PILLS will quickly correct the organs of digestion and secretion and enable you to enjoy

A Merry and a Healthy Christmas.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

COUGHS, COLDS,

AND LUNG TROUBLES.

Astonishing Cure by

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Mrs. H. ROLLINS, 55 TRENTHAM ST., SOUTH FIELDS, WANDSWORTH, writes:

THE MASTER ROLLINS (from Photo).

"June 30th, 1905.

"It is with pleasure I write to tell you of the great benefit derived from Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. My two boys, one aged 18 and the other 2 years, were at death's door, suffering from Pleurisy and Congestion of the Lungs, from a severe cold: I can safely say God's blessing and Veno's Lightning Cough Cure completely cured them. I shall always recommend your remedy to my friends: in fact, I cannot speak too highly of it. It deserves all the praise I can give it, for I am sure it has saved me many doctors' bills."

ASK FOR

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The safest, purest, and most efficient remedy procurable for

COUGHS, COLDS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, HOARSENESS & ALL CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

Price 9½d., 1/1½ and 2/9. All Chemists and Drug Stores everywhere.

TOY-LAND UP-TO-DATE.

By A. W. GAMAGE.

[Commercial history affords few finer examples of self-help than of the remarkable career of Mr. A. W. Gamage. Starting life as assistant in a small country draper's, he eventually found his way to London, and entered the employment of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, and Co., the well-known firm of St. Paul's Churchyard, and soon rose to a good position, which would have contented many a young man of his age. But Mr. Gamage had ambition, and, in partnership with a fellow-assistant, Mr. Spain, started business on his own account in one small single-roomed shop in Holborn, where the magnificent building of Gamage's, Limited, now stands. Within a year or two Mr. Gamage, at his partner's request, bought him out for a few hundred pounds, and the rest, as has been said, is a remarkable example of what brains and energy can accomplish.]

The difference between the express trains which will soon be whirling rejoicing youngsters home for the Christmas holidays and the stage coaches from which their grandfathers or great-grandfathers as boys used to pepper the pedestrians with their pea-shooters is not greater than the difference between modern toys and those which it is to be presumed delighted the hearts of bygone generations of juveniles.

In the so-called good old times toys were few in number—at least as regards their variety—simple, not to say clumsy, in construction, and of little educational value. Now they are almost bewildering in their thousands and variety; human ingenuity, invention, art, and skill are taxed to the utmost in their production, and a walk round toyland up-to-date is in many ways a liberal education in the history—particularly scientific, engineering, and mechanical history—of our own times. From a position of little or no importance toy-making has become a serious and great industry, affording employment not only to thousands of thousands of work-people, although, unfortunately, not in England—a point to which I shall return later—but to men of considerable attainments.

At the same time, if the cry is all for novelty—and the toy designer must keep abreast of the times, if not, indeed, ahead of them—there are some old-fashioned toys which are still, and probably always will be, prime favourites. This is especially the case with toys for very small children, and amongst those the Noah's Ark cannot be beaten for popularity, and, of course, baa-lambs, woolly dogs, and other animals continue to delight the infants. And even where older children are concerned there are some "lines," as we call them, which one cannot make a mistake in starting, and which I do not think will ever lose their popularity. To take the ladies first, girls remain faithful to dolls, and especially to dolls representing babies. Middle-aged or elderly dolls they simply will not have at any price, but there is an unceasing demand for baby dolls, and it is extraordinary how early the maternal instinct seems to develop in little girls. So far as dolls' dresses are concerned, large sums of money are now spent and Parisian fashions copied in every detail; but, as a matter of fact, a child will as often as not prefer a sixpenny-halfpenny nigger baby to the most costly and elaborate production as taste and ingenuity can suggest.

In regard to boys the field is an enormous one, and covers practically the whole of engineering and mechanical and electrical science; but, despite the advent of motor-cars, motor-boats, electric tramways, motor-'buses, and flying machines, all of which have their counterpart in toyland, railway trains are easily first in boyhood affections, whether the boy be five years old or fifty. For, by the way, we have many grown-up customers for our railway and locomotive models, some of which will cost £50 and more.

Next to trains in boyish favour come soldiers, with the important proviso that these must be British made. During the South African and Japanese wars there was such a demand for soldiers that we were obliged to import some from Germany, but the experiment was not a success. Although these toys had nothing about them to betray their German origin, our young customers seemed to know instinctively—there is no other word for it—that they were made in Germany, and refused to take any but "Britain's soldiers," which, curiously enough, have been made for generations by a family of the name of Britain.

Next in order come battleships and boats of every description, and then the vast range of scientific, electrical, engineering, and mechanical toys, which I propose to leave with the remark that practically nothing is invented or discovered in the way of machinery that is not at once reproduced in practical form and work in toyland. And now to mention some of the latest novelties of the present season.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A MOTOR-CAR AND POLICEMAN.

Undoubtedly the most up-to-date toy in the world is an exact model of a station and section of lines on a tube railway. This is an absolute replica of the real thing, with tiled tunnels, electric cars and light, and even lifts. Motor-cars are perhaps no longer a novelty, but we have one which among toys designed to amuse is quite new, and likely to be very popular. This motor-car runs along the floor at a speed considerably over the limit, and then—pouf! scatters into a dozen or so fragments, its passengers hurtling through the air; but, unlike the real thing, it can be put together again in a jiffy, and the passengers do not seem to be any the worse for their alarming experience. Then we have motor-buses, exact reproductions of the originals, save that they do not skid, blow up, nor offend the nostrils. In the marine department the most up-to-date battleships and steamers are fitted with the latest triumph of marine engineering—that is, with turbine engines—and motor-boats are another popular line. Amongst scientific toys the greatest novelty is a miniature, but none the less practicable, Marconi wireless telegraphy apparatus, whilst for the bridge builders we have an exact model of the Forth Bridge.

Girls' tastes, as I have said, do not range far beyond dolls, but in dolls' accessories we are always striving to go one better than the year before. Dolls' houses of this year are marvels of luxury and completeness, many of them being fitted not only with electric light, but with bath-rooms, and are in every way exact reproductions of modern houses.

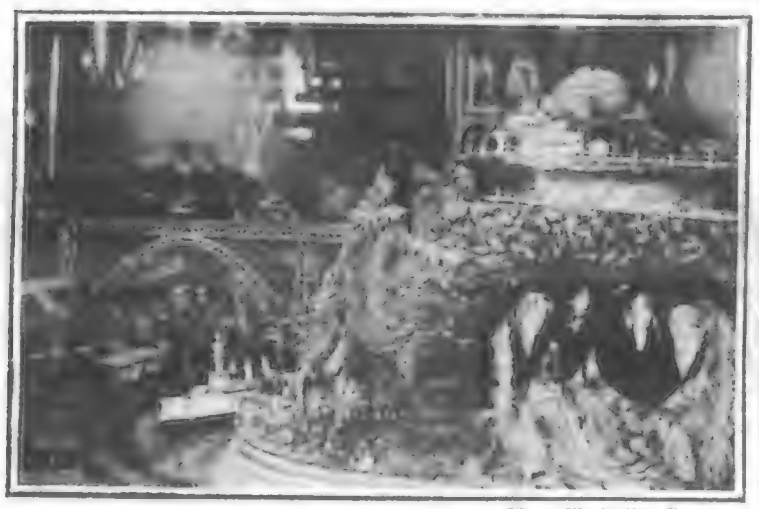
So much for toyland up-to-date, and now for where the toys come from. Germany, I should say, makes at least 75 per cent. of the world's toys. From a Briton's point of view, this is a pity, but it cannot be helped. So far, at least, as any but very expensive toys, such as the best engineering and electrical toys, or substantial toys, such as wheelbarrows, rocking horses, miniature tricycles, etc., are concerned, our own people never make any serious effort to compete with German manufacturers of toys. The cry, as I have said, is for novelty, and British manufacturers will not take the trouble to be up-to-date. Germans, on the other hand, spare no pains to capture the English market. The toys they make for England are especially designed for English children and the exact copies of the English things they represent. I cannot imagine an English manufacturer taking the trouble in the case of, say, railway trains which he wishes to sell in Germany to make these toys exact copies of German trains, but this is precisely what German manufacturers do with the trains and other toys they send over here, and that is one reason why they fairly capture the toy market. Indeed, I can give you no more convincing example of German enterprise than the fact that they have to a great extent robbed France, more especially Paris, of the monopoly it once had in dolls. At one time all the best dolls came from Paris, but not only is this no longer the case, but German dolls have in no small degree driven French dolls out of their own capital. However, where the very finest workmanship and the most lasting qualities are required, then there is nothing that can beat the English make.

I do not think there is any more to be said. I have endeavoured to indicate the wonderful skill and ingenuity exercised in the production of modern toys, but fully to appreciate the extent and growth of toy industry I venture to protest that you could not do better than pay a visit to Holborn and inspect what I confidently believe to be the most up-to-date children's paradise in the world.

A. W. GAMAGE.

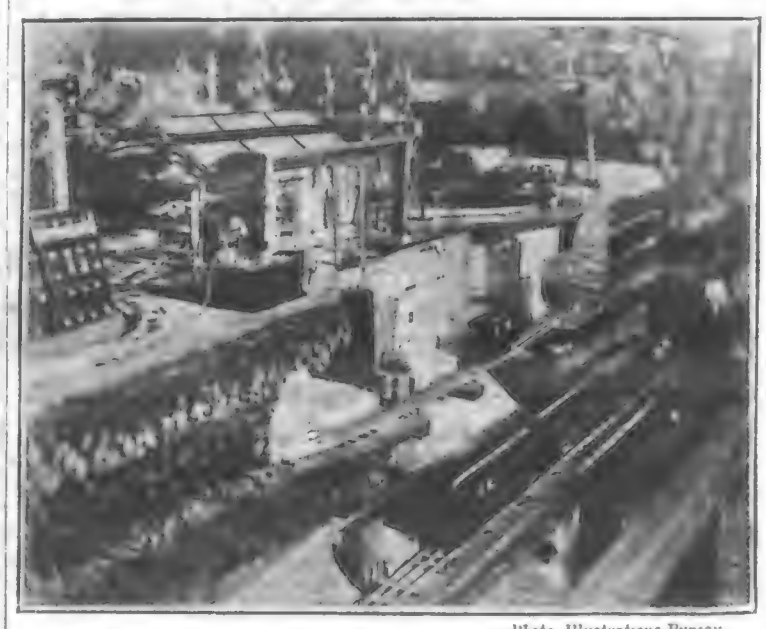
Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A DOLL'S HOUSE, PRICE £28.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A MODEL OF THE ZAMBEZI BRIDGE.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A WORKING MODEL OF THE "TWOPENNY TUBE."

How to Dress for the Christmas Festivities.

At this festive time of year most women are occupied with thoughts of Christmas and New Year parties and gatherings, and the question of dress becomes one of paramount importance. Every girl is naturally eager to appear well and suitably clad, and this she may do without reckless expenditure provided discrimination is used and she adds to her wardrobe just those garments which are really likely to be required. Thus one or two dainty evening blouses are an absolute necessity, and for a small party in the country would be quite smart enough, and practical too, since a dainty black silk or voile skirt could be made to complete the toilet if walking to the hospitable house had to be undertaken. The same toilet would be quite in keeping with an excursion to the theatre, and here again if a train journey were involved the dark skirt would prove useful.

An Economical Dance Dress.

For evening wear at the Christmas Cinderellas net is much worn, and if any of my readers happen to be possessed of a white or black silk frock which may be a little shabby or out of date, they can very successfully renovate it for the present season by making an over-dress of net. Various kinds of suitable net can be bought very cheaply, so that the investment is well worth while. The skirt should be made full and adorned with rows of narrow satin ribbon arranged in groups. A pretty idea which involves a black net over black silk would be to have narrow tinsel or steel ribbon, the waistband and slippers chosen to correspond as far as possible. With a white or cream net an effective trimming is created by rows of tiny pink roses (the Banksia variety is most suitable). They could be arranged round the corsage of the bodice and the flounce or hem of the skirt. Separate petals would look dainty tacked here and there on the bodice or over the apron part of the skirt. A half wreath worn in the hair makes a charming finish to a charming costume.

Christmas Trifles.

Velvet bows with long ends embroidered in gold and silver make a pretty hair ornament, and one which is quite dressy enough for an informal dance or dinner-party. The new sequin coronet for the hair, price 4s. 11d., makes an acceptable present for the smart girl, while a sequin butterfly in black, silver, and other shades, at 2s. 6d., is so cheap that many a Christmas shopper will be tempted to make herself a present of it. At half-a-crown, too, a pretty posy of Parma violets and stephanotis with natural fern can be obtained, and very realistic it is, too, worn in the front of an evening bodice. A hint for the girl who likes to be thoroughly *chic* is to scatter a few drops of perfume on such a bouquet before wearing it, as this will serve to heighten the illusion of natural flowers. At 2s. 11d. a charming bouquet of natural La France roses with maidenhair fern is offered, and would look extremely well in conjunction with a theatre blouse or robe of black jet. At the same price is displayed a dainty hair mount of green velvet in the form of a wreath with a spray of Banksia roses and jewelled fern at the side. The spray may be in shades of pink, yellow, and white, or Parma violets, according to taste. Not the least tempting is an artistic velvet bow studded with sequins in black and every colour at 1s. 11d. A shamrock tiara, prettily jewelled, is one of the latest novelties, and the same style of thing may be had in white or pink heather. A sequin bow in iridiscent colourings also looks well amid thickly growing tresses.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

By Ellice Beere.

THE advent of the merry Yuletide season, with all its happy re-unions and festivities, brings home to the majority of us one pressing problem—that of the Christmas shopping. Although some women take an absolute delight in ravishing the shops on behalf of their nearest and dearest, yet there are many others who regard the difficult task of choosing suitable gifts as among the minor worries inseparable from this season of the year, which, when all is said and done, certainly brings an immense amount of preparation in its train.

It is always a perplexing question, that of choosing presents for our friends and relations, not only such as come within the boundary of the means at our disposal, but which are also appropriate and welcome. How few really, in spite of their good intentions, manage to accomplish this successfully! They appear to have a genius for presenting Harry, who is a sportsman, with a volume of verse; Dick, who is a non-smoker, with a pipe-rack or tobacco pouch; while Maud, who is a blonde, and whose favourite colour is pale blue, is not at all pleased to receive a blouse length of bright pink. "If it had only been a becoming colour that she could wear, how delighted she would be!" she remarks regretfully as she packs it away, perhaps to give as a present to someone else later on.

There is an art in giving just the presents wished and longed for. It only requires a little observation and thought. The latter is most important, yet reflection often seems to be left out when doing the Christmas shopping.

It is not then, however, that it should be exclusively exercised, for the successful giver has already long before made out a list of the different articles she intends to purchase, and has secretly studied the wishes and wants of the various recipients. A good plan—and one adopted by many careful women—is to purchase little presents here and there for some weeks beforehand, and pack them away. They have then a nice little store to choose from when the time comes for distributing the gifts. The expense, too, is less noticed when spread over a considerable period, and superior articles can be purchased.

Of course, this system is not without its disadvantages also, since the very article known to be desired by a friend, and which you have obtained on her account, may since have come into her possession—either purchased by herself or presented by someone else—before the time comes for your own donation; but it is better to run even this risk than to go to the other extreme and leave one's shopping until the last moment. A hurried selection invariably means waste of money and general dissatisfaction; moreover, the best things are already gone, and those that are left are by no means improved in appearance by the constant handling they have undergone. Christmas cards especially suffer in this respect, and therefore where they are concerned it is hardly possible to make too early a choice.

Moreover, as the days draw nearer to Christmastide, so the thronging crowds of eager purchasers thicken in the shops, and how harassing it is to be buffeted here and elbowed there while waiting half an hour for five minutes' attention only the unfortunate Christmas shopper who is just at the beginning of a long list can realise.

A great deal of perplexity is often saved and many good ideas suggested by a previous study of the advertisement pages in the various magazines and journals. The greatest difficulty is often experienced in choosing gifts for men. The feminine members of the community are a comparatively easy matter, as there are so many little dainty accessories to a woman's toilet that it is hardly possible for the gift of any such trifle to fail to give pleasure. But men friends and relations are quite a different affair, and the problem for the buyer of moderate means is somewhat complicated. Cigar or cigarette cases, ash-trays, pipe-racks, match-boxes, and tobacco jars fly to one's mind for the smoker, and any one might prove acceptable; but a more original offering would be a patent screw-lock for fastening cigar boxes, and would meet with appreciation from many men. Where a lover of books is concerned, a well-chosen addition to his library would be approved of. A man's hobbies may be more safely consulted than the exigencies of his workaday world. A literary man is seldom pleased by the latest novelty in inkstands or the last thing in pens, nor does the business man revel in letter-racks and paper-weights.

Women are apt to pride themselves on their taste in ties, but I have rarely known a gift of ties selected by a woman give unqualified delight to a man, so that ties are best avoided, unless you can be certain of the recipient's particular fancy.

For the man who has chambers and takes a pride in them a cosy sofa cushion, not too splendid, will probably please, or a handsome photo-frame. Either could be worked by feminine fingers. Generally speaking, people hardly seem to realise how much a useful or ornamental gift of their own manufacture is appreciated, or they might make more use of any ingenuity and patience they may happen to possess.

ELLICE BEERE.

Can We Afford It?

MUFFS, which through the mildness of the season have not been seen much hitherto, are similar in shape to those of last winter. Elegant and fascinating as are the bewildering display of white furs, hats, and even coats displayed for early winter, the woman of limited means will have to pass over them regretfully, and leave them to those with more ample dress allowance. Only the wealthy can afford to dress in white during our English winter, but dark-coloured velvets, which are still in vogue, make a very alluring substitute, and in addition to white furs there are many other becoming and attractive kinds to choose from at most moderate prices. The marmot, a kind of beaver, and moleskin in brown or grey seem to be much worn, while grey squirrel is not without its devotees. Stoles are less important in size than last year, and in many are finished off at the ends with dainty silk fringe to match the fur. Tiny boleros of fur with long stole-like ends are one of the newest modes. They could be copied in velvet and would look very smart worn with a cloth skirt. Skirts are still worn short, and with the Redingote or Directoire style of coat are naturally preferred plain, the only trimming being several rows of stitching or a little strapping. Some of the new fur boleros are braided, but it seems rather like painting the lily, to my mind. They are far more becoming without such decoration.

Millinery Modes.

LARGE picture hats with waving plumes held down by handsome buckles are one of the most popular modes just now for millinery. For the last few seasons we have adhered strictly to the small, close-fitting chapeau, and now the inevitable reaction has come. Worn with the long Directoire coat of Burgundy coloured cloth or that elusive shade known as aubergine purple, a black picture hat is both smart and distinctive. Feathers are being dyed to match the exquisite shades in cloth and velvet worn this year, and some beautiful plumes are seen in these new colours, some slightly tipped at the ends with a contrasting shade. Flowers and fruit piled together on the same hat are to be seen, not to speak of most amazing combinations of the two. Beautiful tinted purple grapes, dusted with gold, formed the trimming of a white felt picture hat, while cinnamon-coloured velvet and tulle seem to be a favourite trimming for white hats of less pretentious dimensions.

Photo, Burnett.

CHRISTMAS MORNING: A charming child study.

MORE CURRANT COOKERY.

The majority of housewives have not sufficiently recognised the need there is for a pleasing and wide variety in the family menu; it is also probable that those who have recognised this necessity, and have tried to seek out useful recipes from whatever cookery books have been at hand, have, eventually, been driven back upon their own resources by the discovery that so few of the published recipes for home-made dainties come under the head of Common-sense Cookery.

We have before us a most useful though unpretentious little book which offers suggestions and recipes that are, above everything else, reasonable and economical. The recipes deal, in one way or another, with Currants; every formula given is ready for immediate home-testing, and there is no superfluity of ingredients calling for that systematic "cutting down."

Proof of the growing popularity of the Currant is readily forthcoming in the testimony of grocers who report an immediate and constant request on behalf of housewives for this very useful little cookery book, which they are giving away quite free to those who make prompt application. Get this little book for yourself. Its title is "Currants: A Few Tasty Recipes," and your own grocer has a copy waiting for you.

THE VERY THING!

Just what we are looking for.

JOHN THRIDGOULD & Co.'s

GRAND MONSTER CHRISTMAS PARCEL

1s. Christmas Cards and Seasonable Novelties 1s.

Don't miss this. Never before has such a Shillingsworth been offered. Nothing prettier or better could be wished for.

Christmas and New Year Presents.

YOU GET THE WHOLE OF THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID NEW ASSORTMENT:

A most charming selection of

TWENTY-FOUR CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS, POSTCARDS, CALENDARS, &c. All most beautiful folding and embossed designs. Published value, 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., and 6d. each. Among the Novelties will be found—

CHARMING FLORAL STUDIES. Fragrant Flowers in pretty Glass Vases.

THE ART GEM PENDANT. Three-fold Floral Card. A very taking design.

PRETTY CHICKS AWAKENING—or "Does your Mother know you're out?"

MY FRIENDS' MOTOR CAR. An ingenious tri-fold Card—"I've arrived!"—With Christmas Greetings.

PEACE AND GOODWILL CALENDAR. Entirely New Design. Three Panels Decorated with charming Floral Designs, to hang. Wishing **DAYS OF HAPPINESS.**

SIX PICTURE POSTCARDS. Comic Cheque Book on the Bank of Good Fortune. A wealth of humour. Just the thing to cause fun and amusement.

THE JEWELLED POSY CARD. Tri-fold design, executed in a very tasteful manner.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT LEAFLET. A very superior card, and is finished with silk cord and tassels.

SWEET MELODIES. Jewelled Musical Card and Wishes, by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Son.

COMICAL FACES. Very humorous design.
Turn me round and then you'll see,
My face is smiling sweet on thee.

WHAT, MORE? Yes; last, but not least, is our **ANNUAL FREE GIFT**, comprising a very Superb Card, published at Sixpence alone. Delicate Floral Sprays, Leafletted, and finished with Silk Bow of Ribbon.

INDEED A CHARMING GIFT.

In all Twenty-four Presents—a fascinating assortment that, if bought in the ordinary way, would cost at least Five Shillings.

The whole of the above will be sent, securely packed, on receipt of P.O. for **1s.**, *and Two Stamps to defray postage, or two different assorted Parcels, P.O.* **2s.** *and* **3d.** *for Parcels Post.*

PACKET OF LARGE ENVELOPES TO FIT CARDS, 3d. EXTRA.

Shopkeepers should send for Wholesale Catalogue and Samples of Christmas Cards, Novelties, &c., post free 3 stamps. Cheapest House in London.

JOHN THRIDGOULD & CO.

(Dept. P.I.P.),

18 and 20 Sidney St., Commercial Road, London, E.

(Established 1851.)

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED

Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

75 YEARS' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet.*

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

. . For . .

INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to

H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE PHANTOM SQUADRON.

(*Continued from page 390.*)

away a great ugly red building surrounded by a high stone wall—it was the Goulton cavalry barracks.

Five minutes later he was pedalling back to Hill Croft Farm, having in exchange for half a sovereign and a plausible excuse obtained a list of the junior officers quartered at the barracks.

"I ought to have recognised the beggar," he laughed; "it's just the sort of thing he would do."

When he reached the farm he found that Mr. Charteris had retired to bed in a condition bordering upon nervous prostration.

He had a long and interesting conversation with Miss Phyllis.

II.

Archibald Hendron was one of the first of the inmates of Hill Croft Farm to be astir on Christmas morning.

Before eight o'clock he came down attired in a Norfolk suit, and, wheeling out his bicycle, he was soon spinning along the hard-frozen road toward Goulton.

He turned in at the gates of the barracks and dismounted at the entrance to the officers' quarters.

He inquired if Lieutenant Boyne was up, and could see him.

"He's up, sir," said the orderly, "for he's the officer on duty. If you'll give me your card, I'll take it to his rooms."

"I haven't any cards with me. Tell him that Mr. Archibald Hendron would like to see him."

The man departed, and in a few minutes returned with the request that Hendron would follow him to the officer's rooms.

A well-made, good-looking young fellow in uniform rose from an easy chair as he entered.

"Why, Archie Hendron!" he cried. "Whatever brings you here?"

"My bicycle, and you acting the giddy goat last night."

The lieutenant assumed a blank look.

"Giddy goat!" he echoed.

"Yes, my noble captain of the Phantom Squadron," retorted the barrister.

The other regarded him suspiciously for a moment, then sank back into his chair laughing.

"It was a grand joke; but how on earth did you find us out, you beggar?"

"I followed you along a beastly heavy road on my bike."

The young officer's merriment was renewed.

"Oh lord! What a joke! Sit down, old chap, and I'll tell you—"

"Before you tell me anything," interrupted Hendron severely, "you've got to sit down and write an abject apology to Mr. Joseph Charteris, of Hill Croft Farm. You've scared the poor old chap nearly off his head, and he firmly believes that you and your fellow idiots are denizens of another world. It will be no use my telling him otherwise unless I have your confession in black and white to back up my statement."

Boyne looked up at him sharply.

"Why are you taking such an interest in the old man?"

"I happen to be a guest at the farm," was the short reply.

"Oh!" murmured the lieutenant, but he was smiling as he drew a writing-case towards him.

He took out a piece of regimental note-paper and wrote a few minutes; then he handed the paper to Hendron.

"Will that do?" he asked.

The barrister perused it carefully, then folded it and placed it in his breast pocket.

"Yes," he said; "now tell me the whole story."

Boyne pushed a box of cigarettes towards him, and then selected one himself.

"It was my idea," he said proudly, as he lit up. "I thought it would give the yokels a good old scare. I planned out the costumes, and got 'em made in London. The other fellows were dead nuts on the scheme. Pallins was one of us, and, being very friendly with the C.O., he arranged that nothing should be known officially if we went out for a late ride. So far we've been out twice. We rode out of the barracks in mufti, and as soon as we were clear we donned the cowls and robes and set off for a gallop across the country. I had heard that old Charteris was very superstitious, so arranged a visit to the farm last night. You should have seen his face when I——"

"I did see his face," broke in Hendron. "I was an interested spectator of the affair. But how did you work the weird light on the horses?"

"Easily enough; that was Pallins' idea. As soon as we got outside we rubbed a composition of phosphorous over their coats, and when we got back took most of it off before coming into barracks; with the aid of a few judicious tips, the remainder was taken off in the stables.

"Now, look here, my clever legal friend, I've patiently endured your cross-examination, so you can answer a few of my questions. What are you doing at Hill Croft Farm?"

"Thanks to you, I'm engaged to the mistress thereof."

"Lucky devil! But how the deuce have I helped you in your cause with Miss Phyllis?"

"You haven't helped me with her," replied Hendron. "She and I had arranged things long ago, but her uncle wouldn't hear of us being engaged for another eighteen months—that is, until she is twenty-one. Thanks to your idiotic joke, I think I shall be able to persuade the old man to give his consent, his relief at the discovery that you were not ghosts will be so great."

"Umph!" grunted the officer. "But how did you discover the plot?"

"Why easily enough. When you disappeared in the immediate vicinity of the barracks, I interviewed the corporal of the guard, and obtained from him the names of the junior officers. When I heard the name of my old school-fellow Reginald Boyne, the inveterate practical joker, my case was complete. I must say you worked the dodge very cleverly, and—— Oh, by the way, how did you manage the bucket of water business?"

"Why, that was the gem of the collection. Look in yonder corner."

Hendron's eyes followed the direction of the officer's finger. Lying on the floor in the corner was a large indiarubber vessel resembling a hot-water bottle.

"I had that fixed to the slit in my cowl, and the water went down into the bladder of the thing, which was concealed under my robe. It wanted something startling like that to give effect to the thing. How do you think I acted the ghost?"

Before Hendron could make a reply, the door was burst open and a tubby little man with a round, beaming face burst in.

"I say, old man, the game's up," he cried, not noticing Boyne's visitor. "Some beastly tramp saw us last night. He arrived at Seacombe in a state of collapse, and the police are making inquiries. Old Rapher says——"

He broke off, and his face fell as he noticed Hendron for the first time.

"All right," said Boyne airily, "go on. This gentleman knows all about it."

"Rapher says we must chuck it," continued the newcomer. "He's in a funk; says there'd be the dickens to pay if the story came out."

"Well," said Boyne, "we've had a run for our money; perhaps it's just as well."

"Quite as well," agreed Hendron, rising.

He was introduced to the tubby gentleman—Captain Pallins; but, despite their pressing invitation to stay to breakfast and hear full details of the affair, he insisted on getting back to the farm.

After a somewhat delicate interview with the aggrieved Mr. Charteris, he spent a very happy Christmas, for that good-natured old gentleman was persuaded to do three things:

To let the matter of the Phantom Squadron drop;

To hold his peace for ever about it;

To permit Mr. Archibald Hendron and Miss Phyllis Charteris to enter the bonds of holy matrimony.

* * * * * *

Several yokels residing near Goulton and one Independent Gentleman of the Road are never tired of telling with bated breath the story of the Phantom Squadron—nor is Lieutenant Reginald Boyne, of His Majesty's 99th Dragoons.

THE END.

Photo, P.I.P.

THE COOKERY AND FOOD EXHIBITION AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL: Cooks in the making. Competitors in the school boys' cooking competition.

I Invite you to my BAZAAR. my Christmas address is GAMAGE'S HOLBORN

THE GRANDEST Exhibition in London.

Now Open.

Over Five Acres of Floor Space crammed with . . .

Novelties from all Parts of the World.

PRESENTS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

GREAT SHOW PIECES, Etc.:

Underground and Mountain Railways in Miniature.

Army Corps on the March.

The Human Marionette and many other Free Entertainments All Day.

COME EARLY AND BRING THE CHILDREN.

LONDON'S GREAT ANNUAL EVENT.

Restaurant Open.

Recherché Luncheons and Afternoon Teas.

SHOPPING IN COMFORT.

Large Xmas Catalogue Post Free to any address.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

"The Most Perfect Form of Cocoa."
Guy's Hospital Gazette.

"For Health and Beauty"

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

300 Gold Medals, &c.

TIS TOLD BY THE TASTE— THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY CUP.

Drawing a Pig Blindfolded is the Hobby of the Hour.

FAMOUS PEOPLE'S PIGS.

A few years ago it was ping-pong, now it is pigs. As soon as one craze dies away another takes its place. The latest is the idea of drawing pigs when blindfold.

The pig-book is produced after dinner, and everyone is expected to contribute. People no longer ask you for your autograph; they pester you for your "pig."

But the thing is amusing. You enjoy seeing other people's ludicrous failures, and it helps to while away the long winter evenings.

Messrs. Dean and Son, the firm famous for their "pig-books," in an amusing introduction, say:

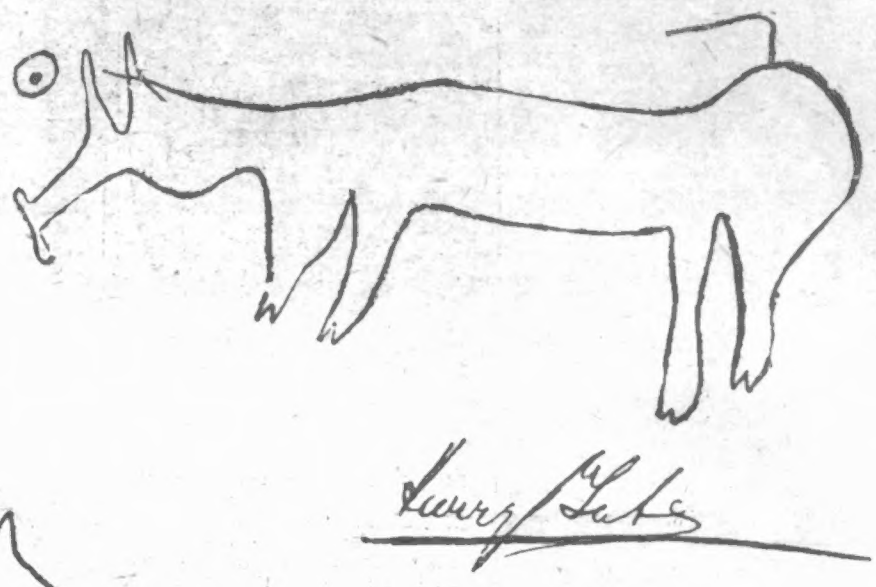
"Every pig has its day (even as a dog), and, as there are many dog-books, why not a pig-book? As most people draw just as well with their eyes closed as open, the inflexible rule of the pig-book is that the artist shall close his or her eyes, draw a pig on one of the pages, and lift the pencil before putting in (or out, as the case may be) the eye of the pig. The artist then signs in order to fix the responsibility. Some people can draw a pig, and most people think they can."

Now your "pigs" are treasured. Until the advent of a special volume "blind pigs" had been largely drawn in "blank books," autograph books, scrap albums, etc.; but now we have a real well-printed and handsomely bound pig-book. Each page contains quotations from well-known authors relating to the pig, ranging from Homer to Gordon Graham.

On this page we reproduce some pigs drawn by well-known theatrical favourites.

From an artistic point of view, Mr. Harry Grattan's is the greatest success. With a little imagination it can easily be recognised as a pig, a thing that is unusual with most of the efforts in the amusing book we have before us.

Miss Sybil Arundale started very well, save for a nose of somewhat unusual shape. Things began to get complicated at the tail, and, by the time she had finished, what had promised to be a success was a most dismal failure.



FAMOUS PEOPLE'S PIGS.

Instead of asking for an autograph, people now pester you for your pig. Here are pigs, drawn blindfolded, by Miss Sybil Arundale, Mr. Harry Tate, and Mr. Harry Grattan.

Mr. Harry Tate's attempt started somewhat similarly. There is a distinct likeness about the nose, but a slight error of judgment as to where the eye should be placed rather spoilt the figure.

It looks as though the pig-book craze had come to stay. The amazement of the artist when he opens his eyes and looks upon his handiwork is more than amusing to the others in the room.

Perhaps in days to come we shall hear of a "pig" sale at Christie's, "pigs" drawn by famous personages fetching huge prices.

IF YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE P.I.P., BUY ANOTHER COPY AND SEND IT TO A FRIEND.

BEST XMAS PRESENT IS ONE OF

BENSON'S "SELECTED GEM" RINGS

LARGEST STOCK, BEST QUALITY, LOWEST PRICES.

Brilliant, Rubies or Sapphires, £2 15s. | Ruby or Sapphire, and Brilliants, £6. | Brilliants, Sapphires, or Rubies, £8 6s. | Brilliants, £4 4s. | Brilliants, £12.

Amethyst, £4. | Amethysts, £6 6s. | Brilliants, £18. | Brilliants and Rubies, £13. | Single Stone Diamond Rings, £2 5s. to £100.

Can be purchased by "The Times" MONTHLY PAYMENTS System.

PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, POST FREE—No. 1 of Watches, Chains, Rings (and Size Cards), and Jewellery. No. 2 of Plate, Bags, Clocks, &c. No. 3, Pretty and yet inexpensive Articles in Silver for Presents. *Mention P.I.P.*

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.

Admitted by the Profession to be the most Wonderful and Valuable Remedy ever discovered.

The Best-Known Remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.

The only Palliative in NEURALGIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE.

Effectually cuts short all attacks of SPASMS.

Acts like a Charm in DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA, and DYSENTERY.

Checks and Arrests DIPHTHERIA and CROUP.

None genuine without the words "DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Stamp.

Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each Bottle.

Sold in Bottles by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each.

From Cloth, 2/-, to Real Pigskin, 10/6. Size 8 by 5½ins. Handsomely Bound.

The Pig Book.

Now the finest of amusements,
For little and for big,
Is to get a brand new Pig Book,
And draw a Blindfold Pig.

For it's Pig Book in the drawing-room,
It's Pig Book in the train
It's Pig Book in the nursery,
And Pig Book on the brain!

THE PIG BOOK PARTY.

Reproduced from Thomas Maybank's Full-page Picture in "THE GENTLEWOMAN."

Each page contains Humorous Sketches of Pigs, and is embellished with appropriate Literary Quotations from Homer to "Gordon Graham."

Of all Booksellers, Stationers, and Bookstalls.

London: DEAN and SON, Limited, 160a FLEET STREET, E.C.

LITTLE ENTERTAINMENTS AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

By EDITH WALDEMAR LEVERTON.

Cloth, price 1/-; post free 1/2.

Afternoon tea—"At homes"—Luncheons—Dinner parties—Garden parties—Cycling picnics—A river party—Christening party—Children's parties—A ball—A Cinderella dance—Private theatricals—Tableaux vivants—Charades and indoor games—A card party—Card games for children—Children's fancy dress fête—Parochial entertainments—A wedding party—A short visit—General hints.

At all Booksellers.

To C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., ORDER FORM.
17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Please send me a copy of "Little Entertainments and How to Manage Them," for which I enclose 1/2.

Name.....

Address.....

HOW AND WHAT TO DANCE

By W. LAMB,
Member of the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers.

New and Revised Edition.

Cloth, price 1/-; post free 1/2.

The art of dancing—How to arrange a dance—Toilet—Fancy costumes—Etiquette of dancing—Correct deportment, and all the latest round, square, and other miscellaneous and fashionable dances.

At all Booksellers.

To C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., ORDER FORM.
17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Please send me a copy of "How and What to Dance," for which I enclose 1/2.

Name.....

Address.....

Fairy Cocoa

THE CHEAPEST, BEST, sound, wholesome, pure, 2/- per pound tin

Guaranteed and supplied by the Proprietors of Schweitzers

Cocoatina

THE COCOA FOR INVALIDS.

Each tin of Fairy Cocoa contains particulars of English Willow-Pattern China which is given away to Fairy Drinkers. If you cannot obtain it from your grocer, send 1s. 6d. in stamps to "Fairy," 143 York Rd. London, N.

GRAMOPHONES,

PHONOGRAPHS, ORGANETTES

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

CARRIAGE PAID.

Sent on Approval.

ORDERS BY POST Special Department.

Specially Low Terms for Instalments.

Free Catalogue. Over 350 Illustrations.

DOUGLAS & CO., 84 King's Chambers, South St., London, E.C.

M.A.P.

A Popular Penny Weekly of Pleasant Gossip, Personal Portraits, and Social News.

THIS HAT WILL BE GIVEN AWAY!

A SMART FRENCH SAILOR HAT

made in straw, trimmed with **Velvet Band** round crown, finished with a **Handsome Bow** and **French Quill.** This is the newest French Model, and eminently suitable for any lady of any age.

If you want one write to us at once and send a **Postal Order for 1/9.** On receipt of this amount we will send direct to your address, carriage paid, a pair of the latest **Paris Fashionable Side Combs,** with a Pompadour to match, and our generous offer of this **Charming Hat** Free, by return post.

The Combs are richly mounted, with gold finish and hand painted coloured effects. Haute Nouveauté. Send postal order to-day, as we can only keep this offer open for a short time. Address:—

OSBORN & DAWSON (Dept. 51), French Milliners, 41 King William St., London, E.C.

Rheumatism.

The most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, etc., are at once relieved by rubbing with **Smedley's Chillie Paste,** and, if applied when the first symptoms appear, one application will usually effect a complete cure, and avert what might otherwise be a severe illness. In 1/1½, 1/6, & 2/9 bottles from all chemists, or post free from **HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, Ltd., LEEDS.**

Smedley's Paste.

TRAGEDY IN BUDA PESTH.

MDLLE. SARI FEDAK.

Tragedy in Buda Pesth.

Seldom has any event in the theatrical world created such a sensation, or caused so deep an impression on all classes of the community, as the suicide of the director of the Volkstheater at Buda Pesth, M. Paul Widor, who was one of the most brilliant of Hungarian actors, as well as a playwright of no little distinction. M. Paul Widor shot himself on Friday evening, as he had become involved in financial difficulties and was unable to pay the rent due on December 1st for the Volkstheater, which is the property of the commune.

In any case, the suicide of the unfortunate actor and author would have aroused much sympathy in Buda Pesth, and, indeed, throughout Hungary, but it is the discovery of the circumstances which induced him to take his life that accounts for the tremendous excitement now reigning. Immediately after the death of M. Widor it was found that he had fallen a victim to the cupidity of his leading soubrette, to whom, in a letter written by him before he shot himself, he ascribes his ruin. It is alleged that Sari Fedak's intention was to drive M. Widor from his post, and herself assume the direction of the theatre. With this purpose in view she had concluded a contract for 250 nights, for which M. Widor guaranteed her 200,000 kronen. Although no material profit resulted from her acting, she insisted that the stipulations of the contract should be carried out. M. Widor borrowed the money at a high rate of interest, and this plunged him into still further difficulties.

Sari Fedak not only refused to come to M. Widor's assistance, but even made all arrangements to take over the theatre herself. Notwithstanding the suicide of the director, indeed, immediately after it had happened, she drove up to the theatre, but was received by an angry crowd with hisses, insults, and threats of lynching. She had to flee for her life. When M. Widor's wife heard of the tragedy she is reported to have cried, "The murderer of my husband is Fedak!" A passionate crowd, incensed by the knowledge of these details, attempted to storm the dwelling of the actress, who, in fear for her life, made a hurried flight from Buda Pesth.

To-day a meeting of actors and theatre managers was held in the capital, and it was unanimously decided that never would any of those present allow Sari Fedak to appear on a stage with which they were connected. All the directors of the provincial theatres have telegraphed to Buda Pesth announcing a similar determination on their part. And as for the actress herself, whose property is valued at 1,000,000 kronen, she has sent a letter to the Hungarian newspapers declaring that she has abandoned her professional career, and will never tread the boards of a theatre again.

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

LACE-LOVERS' CLUB.

MME. CAVALIÈRI, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE LATEST WOMEN'S UNION.

The latest thing in Paris clubs is a "Union-of-Women-Lovers-of-Beautiful-Lace." Its members include the celebrated artiste Cavalièri, Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Countess René de Béarn, the Countess Stanislas de Castellane, and the Marchioness de Gonay. These ladies have discovered that France spends annually no less a sum than £400,000 on foreign lace, and they have, therefore, decided to encourage French lace-making, by organising a competition to take place early next May. Their idea is to encourage French hand-made lace, which can be sold at a reasonable price.

PRINCELY HERRING DEALER.

A new market for Yarmouth herrings has just been opened in the Caucasus, some Scotch merchants having sent several experimental shipments there. Prince Louis Napoleon Murat has been appointed the Syndicate's agent, and he is using all his influence to further the new trade.

Young Singer's Suicide.

A remarkable tragedy of jealousy has occurred at the Ecole Henri IV. at Fontainebleau, where a young officer was shot by a jealous singer, who afterwards committed suicide.

Early one morning a revolver shot was heard in the rooms of a young cadet named Lemarzelle, the son of the well-known senator. Several people rushed into the rooms and found the officer bleeding from a wound in the arm. On the table was the dead body of a woman dressed in a uniform like that worn by the wounded man. A revolver was still clasped in her fingers.

The woman was a well-known *café-chantant* singer named Estelle de Cambourd, who is believed to have been jealous because she thought Lemarzelle was about to forsake her for another woman.

YOUNG SINGER'S SUICIDE.

MDLLE. ESTELLE DE CAMBOURD.

Enoch Arden in Hungary.

A case of Enoch Arden in real life has had a far more painful ending than that imagined by the poet. A few years ago Samuel Grun, finding it impossible to support his wife in comfort, emigrated to America. He found no work at first, and was obliged to pass his nights in disreputable localities. One night, while asleep, a thief robbed him of his clothes and passport, went to Chicago in Grun's clothes, fell ill, was taken to a hospital, and died there. He was buried under the name of Samuel Grun, and the Austro-Hungarian Consulate was informed. News of Grun's death officially reached his wife. She mourned her husband awhile, but as she was young and comely married again on the 13th of last month. A few days afterwards she was sitting alone, when a man entered the house. As soon as she set eyes on him she fainted. It was her husband. He had worked hard and saved enough money to return. The woman in the night crept to a loft and hanged herself.

Man's War against Woman.

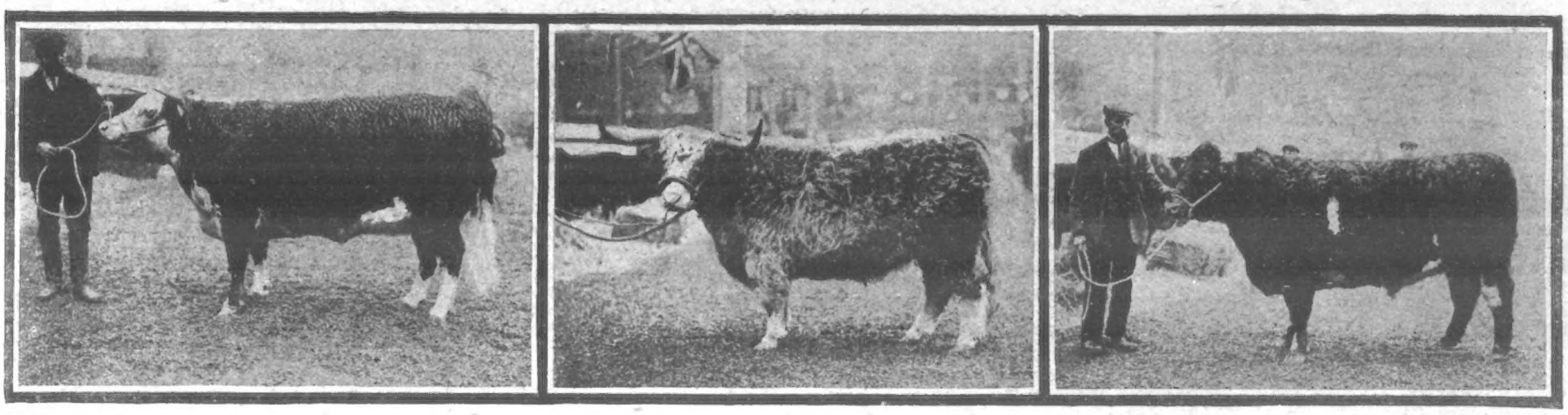
One of the most remarkable articles ever written is "Man's War Against Woman," by Miss Marie Corelli. It appears in the December number of *The Rapid*. Amongst other things she says:

"Of all the 'rights' which woman may and should claim for her due and proper recognition as a working, bread-winning force in the world, the right to vote seems to me the most useless and unnecessary, and the one most likely to involve a loss to her of all true womanly power, reserve, and dignity.

"I should be very sorry to see a crowd of women hustling each other at the polling-booths. If, by any chance, they should present the same tousled and infuriated aspect which distinguishes them on a 'Remnant Sale Day' at a fashionable draper's, the spectacle would not only be ludicrous but degrading—sufficiently so indeed to bring the country to positive shame and make us the laughing-stock of the civilised world."

The December *Rapid* is now on sale, and readers should secure a copy and read the rest of this striking article.

ENOCH ARDEN IN HUNGARY.



Photo, P.I.P.

BIRMINGHAM FAT STOCK SHOW: 1. The Earl of Durham's West Highland Ox, 1st and Reserve. 2. The King's Shorthorn Steer, 1st and Champion. 3. The King's Heifer, "Camilla," 1st and Reserve.

I know what I want for Christmas!
An **Ingersoll** Crown **5/-Watch**

A CHRISTMAS GIFT of intrinsic and lasting value, teaching the worth of time and thus rendering the greatest possible service and satisfaction. Not necessary to take our word for its character—we have thousands of testimonals like this:—

12a, High Street, Arbroath, N.B., June 12th, 1905.
Gentlemen,—We have sold a large number of watches in our time, but have never handled one that gave us so little trouble in selling, or gave better satisfaction to our various customers. We have never had one returned to us as faulty. Our senior partner has two boys, aged 11 and 13 respectively, who have worn Ingersoll Watches for fully four years, and they have given great satisfaction. You know what young lads are, and it is surprising how these watches could have stood the rough treatment they have got sometimes.—J. S. SMITH & SONS.

Open face, 16 size, keyless wind, real lever, lantern pinion, cases in nickel, gun-metal or gold plate finish. **We prefer to sell through the Shopkeeper, but if your dealer cannot supply you, send us 5/- and we will forward watch and 5 years guarantee by return of post.**

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
298K AUDREY HOUSE, ELY PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

Ask for an Ingersoll and see that you get it. Name is on dial.

CAT. FREE

CANARIES FOR THE MILLION.

PRIZE BRED, Norwich, direct from their native city. Guaranteed songsters, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each. Hartz Mountain Rollers or Yorkshires same price. Pairs matched for Breeding, 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., upwards. Norwich Hens, 2s., 3s., and 4s. each. Also every other variety mentionable for Exhibition, Breeding, and Song; all on approval. Travelling Cages 3d. extra. For Aviaries, Cages, and all Appliances, see my Amateur's Guide, free, 3 stamps. Best Bird Lime in the world, 6d. Illustrated List Catchers' Appliances, 1 stamp. Before purchasing elsewhere, see my free current price list and easy payment system, by joining my Bird Club; distance no object. Full particulars free. Patronised by Royalty.—W. RUDD, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Genito-urinary troubles, lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and all the allied troubles. Send for treatise with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures. No electricity. Sent sealed free of all charge.

C. A. MURRAY,
7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

TO LADIES

THE PARISIAN GOLDEN X-L PELLETS are a preparation of Superlative EXCELLENCE and STERLING MERIT, for the relief and cure of all Female Ailments, as proved by thousands of genuine testimonials.

FAR AND AWAY SUPERIOR to STEEL & PENNYROYAL, &c., &c.

Simply as an Advt., and to introduce these "Golden Pellets" into every home in the land, we will forward to the first 10,000 (ten thousand) applicants a 4s. 6d. size box for the nominal sum of 6d., post free and securely packed. Write to-day, as this offer is available for a very brief period.

THE PARISIAN X-L MEDICINE CO.
(Dept. 8), 90 Hazelbourne Road, London, S.W.

6d. deposit

This Handsome Phonograph, with large Enamelled Flower Horn (gold lined), and Two Records, complete in case, will be sent to any address on receipt of 6d. DEPOSIT and upon payment of the last of 18 further weekly instalments of 6d. each. Two 1/- Records are given free.

8/6 Cash

Cash price 8/6. Send 6d. or more, and secure this wonderful bargain.—THE BRITISH MANUFACTURING CO., P57, Great Yarmouth.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

The knowledge contained in this book is of PRICELESS VALUE TO EVERY MARRIED LADY, and has been the means of brightening the lives of thousands. It contains a large amount of valuable information. All will profit by reading it, as the knowledge gained is priceless, and cannot but do good. Sent in sealed envelope for 2 stamps.

A lady writes us: "I have read your book. It is simply invaluable, and gave me the information I have sought after for years."

B. VIMULE,
Dalston Lane, London, N.E.

Celandine.

Certain Cure for Corns

Celandine is easily applied, and positively Cures Corns in a week. F. Hurrell, Esq., Chelmsford, writes: "Celandine removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ." Sold in bottles, 1/- ea., by Chemists. Sent post free under cover for 14 stamps by Chave & Jackson, Chemists Hereford. Refuse Imitations. Thousands of Testimonials.

To Asthma SUFFERERS

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough, by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send Post-card to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Please mention this paper.

INSTANT RELIEF

RED NOSES

Permanently Cured and Restored to their Natural Colour in a few days by a simple home treatment. Particulars free. Enclose stamp to pay postage.—Mr. V. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 9 Pugh Place, Carnaby Street, London, W.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY,
at 2 and 8 p.m.
An Entertainment of Unexampled Brilliance.

BIRKBECK BANK.
ESTABLISHED 1851
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
PROSPECTUS, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

For More Than Twenty Years
DR. DAVIS'S FAMOUS FEMALE PILLS

have been universally admitted to be a BOON TO WOMANKIND. They are the best-known Remedy for Anæmia, Giddiness, Faintness and Swelling after Meals, Loss of Appetite, Hysteria, Palpitation of the Heart, Debility, Depression, Weakness, and all Female Ailments. Boxes, 9½d., 1/1½, 2 9, 4/6, and 11/-. May be had from Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, or from the PROPRIETOR (only address), 309 Portobello Road, Notting Hill, W. DR. DAVIS'S invaluable little book SENT FREE on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

JAY'S

Furniture on Credit at Cash Prices.

OUR TERMS.

Worth.	Monthly.	Worth.	Monthly.
£5	2s.	£30	12s.
£10	4s.	£40	16s.
£15	6s.	£50	20s.
£20	8s.	£100	40s.

345 Kentish Town Road, N.W.
255 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.
Barlesden: 100 Craven Park Road, N.W.
Cricklewood: 140 The Broadway.
Paddington: 27 Shirland Road, W.
Watford: 12 n., 13 High Street.
Brighton: 127 Queen's Road.

TO LADIES—

Dodd's Drug Stores, Ltd., prepare a special pill for ladies' troubles which have never been known to fail in relieving the many ailments peculiar to women. For cold feelings, loss of appetite, depressed spirits, headache, palpitation, hysteria, sallow complexion, pains in the limbs, a relief is assured. In boxes, 1 1½, 2 9, 4 6, and 11- each. Female Corrective Mixture, in bottles, 2/9, 4 6, and 11- each. This mixture is recommended to be taken with or without the Pills. It gives prompt relief in all cases. From all Chemists or post free direct from

DODD'S DRUG STORES, LTD.,
70 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.
And Branches.

KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL WIDOW WELCH'S PILLS

Frequently ordered by Specialists.

Awarded Certificate of Merit for the cure of all obstructions, irregularities, anæmia, and all female complaints. They have the approval of the Medical Profession. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists, or by post, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 10d.—C. and G. KEARSLEY, 42 Waterloo Rd., London, S.E. *Insist on having Kearsley's.*

YOUR FUTURE IS KNOWN.

THE RESULT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

C. A. PEARSON, Esq., W. T. STEAD, Esq., and many other prominent public men and women have testified to the accuracy of **Mr. Geo Wilde's forecasts**, and thousands of others have given testimonials. Send 1s. and 1d. stamp, together with year and date and time of birth (if possible). Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. GEO. WILDE (Room T), 7 Southampton Row, London.

THE CITY PHARMACY,
27 Chancery Lane, London,

Actual Makers of Best and Cheapest Elastic and Indiarubber Goods. Illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Surgical and Domestic Goods post free.

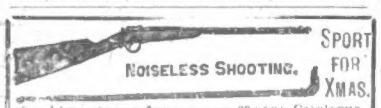
Box J, THE CITY PHARMACY,
27 Chancery Lane, London.

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS

FOR INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION SEA SICKNESS.

Invaluable for Ladies: 8, 14, and 33 stamps.

G. WHELPTON & SON, 4 Crane Ct., Fleet St., London.



SPORT FOR XMAS.

NOISELESS SHOOTING.

Send two stamps for our new 60-page Catalogue of Novelties and Specialities in Noiseless Guns and Rifles. All shapes and patterns. Folding Guns, Cyclists' Guns and Rifles, Walking-stick Guns, Air Guns, &c. No noise, no smoke, no recoil. The wonders of the age. Special Line: Noiseless Rabbit Rifles, with 100 Noiseless Cartridge, 7 6; range 100 yards. BELL BROS., Gun Officers, 83 Waterloo St., Glasgow.

RUPTURE CURED.

Gentleman (cured himself and many others) will send FREE particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment. Highly recommended by the medical profession, and within reach of all. Mention paper and send stamp for "HOW?" Secretary (Box 54), 3 Earl St., Carlisle.

When down in the dumps
Or down with the blues,
To cheer yourself up,
Don't fail to peruse—

THE BIG BUDGET, 1d.

It's as good as an insurance policy against dulness and is crammed from cover to cover with stirring serials and complete stories, and captivating comicalities.

BLANCHARD'S 1½

Acknowledged by Doctors and the fair sex to be far superior to Pennyroyal, &c., ALL LADIES should try them, but be sure they are BLANCHARD'S. Thousands of testimonials. In Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists, or post free with Booklet from LESLIE MARTYN, Ltd., Chemists, DALSTON LANE, LONDON.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS 2/9

6 Samples for 6d.

"VASELINE"

Preparations.

In order to make known the various "Vaseline" Preparations we are selling

DAINTY SAMPLE BOXES—6d. EACH

CONTAINING

1 Tube White "Vaseline."
1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline."
1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline."
1 Tin Pure "Vaseline."
1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream.
1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

SEND 6D. IN STAMPS TO THE
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., PROPRIETORS of "VASELINE," 42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.,
AND ONE WILL BE FORWARDED POST FREE.

BILE BEANS for BILIOUSNESS

BILIOUS EVERY WEEK.

Seven Years' Constant Suffering ended by Bile Beans.

Indigestion and Biliousness are often aggravated and possibly caused by the chilling, changeable weather. Bile Beans are a truly seasonable medicine.

"Never seen you looking better," was the greeting accorded by parents, relatives, and friends alike to Miss Alice Gertrude Cook, a young domestic servant living at 85 Mawson Road, Cambridge, when she visited her home for her holidays this summer. But there is a reason for her healthy appearance, and Bile Beans supply it. Miss Cook told a Cambridge "Independent Press" reporter that she had suffered from bad bilious attacks ever since she left school, some seven years ago. "I used to have one almost every week," she said, "and never a fortnight passed without one. On these occasions I suffered from very severe headaches, and I became so bad that I could do nothing but lie down the whole day long. I consulted chemists and tried many medicines, but nothing did me any lasting good until I took Bile Beans.

"I had seen this remedy advertised, and as several of my friends recommended Bile Beans from personal experience, I obtained a box and commenced taking them right away. There was an almost immediate improvement in my condition, so I continued to take Bile Beans, and I was quickly restored to health again.

"Three or four months have elapsed since I first took Bile Beans, and during that time I have not experienced a single bad attack of biliousness. My cure is solely due to Bile Beans, and I shall lose no opportunity of recommending them."

This is frank, honest testimony, and is typical of the many stories told daily purely out of gratitude for the great benefits derived from Bile Beans. It is wholly because of their natural composition that Bile Beans always restore the smooth working of Nature's disordered processes of digestion and assimilation, as no other medicine can. Avoid all old-fashioned remedies that contain minerals or other equally drastic drugs. Trust to Bile Beans, and health and cheerfulness are assured.

Bile Beans for Biliousness are obtainable of all chemists in sealed boxes only, at 1*s.* 1½*d. or* 2*s.* 9*d.* (2*s.* 9*d. size contains three times the quantity of* 1*s.* 1½*d. size*).

LIVER CHILL.

A sluggish liver is peculiarly susceptible to congestion by sudden and severe chill through exposure to wet and cold weather. The danger of such a liver chill is imminent at this time of the year in the chilling winds and the damp and foggy atmosphere.

Because the symptoms of liver chill are not so readily recognised as those of a cold in the head or a cold on the chest, many people suffer from the serious consequences of such an attack without knowing the cause. Timely doses of Bile Beans will keep your liver healthy. Take them whenever headaches, nausea, furred tongue, or constipation indicate sluggishness, and you never need fear an attack of liver chill.

If you have already fallen a victim to liver chill a course of Bile Beans will restore you to sound health by regulating the natural functions of the stomach and liver.

XMAS BILIOUSNESS.

Sick headaches, dizziness, bilious attacks, and flatulence are common penalties of Xmas indiscretion. The stomach, being a delicate organ and not a cast-iron arrangement, rebels against the strain of heavy feeding and the irregularities of the holiday season. Bile Beans give the liver and stomach just that natural assistance which these organs need without the griping or purging following doses of old-fashioned remedies. Bile Beans strengthen the digestive organs, create a healthy appetite, and remove all discomfort after eating. Take a Bile Bean at noon and a Bile Bean at night, and you will find every Bean a boon.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

The proprietors of Bile Beans for Biliousness desire that every reader of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* should put Bile Beans to the test. It will cost nothing beyond the mere trouble of sending for a trial sample box. Simply cut out this Coupon, and post it to the Bile Bean Co., Leeds, enclosing 1d. stamp to defray the return postage, and a free sample box will be promptly posted to you.

Penny Illustrated Paper
Xmas, 1906.